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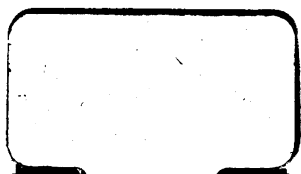
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PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY

JOHN L. SHROY

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"I STARTED TO SCHOOL IN FULL BATTLE ARRAY."

not in A.

Be a Good Boy; Good-Bye
AND
Other Back Home Poems

By JOHN L. SHROY

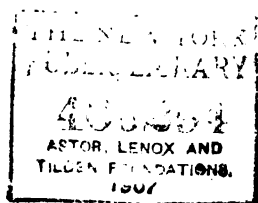


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Back Home

**There I sit right down and smile
As I loaf around awhile.**





BE A GOOD BOY; GOOD-BYE¹

How oft in my dreams I go back to the day,
When I stood at our old wooden gate,
And started to school in full battle array,
Well armed with a primer and slate.
And as the latch fell I thought myself free,
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me:
"Be a good boy; good-bye!"

"Be a good boy; good-bye!" It seems
They have followed me all these years.
They have given a form to my youthful dreams
And scattered my foolish fears.
They have stayed my feet on many a brink
Unseen by a blinded eye;
For just in time I would pause and think:
"Be a good boy; good-bye!"

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life,
Just starting or nearing its close,

**This motto aloft in the midst of the strife
Will conquer wherever it goes.
Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs,
But, brother, just honestly try
To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs
“Be a good boy; good-bye!”**

YOU AND I

Just you and I in the fire-light glow,
As the mournful winds of winter blow.
The curling drifts are piling high,
The storm cloud sweeps across the sky.
Just you and I and the fireside bright,
And eyes that speak with glad love-light.
With thought unspoke I hold your hand,
And, somehow, we both understand.
We still gaze on, content to be
Just I with you and you with me.

We've had our sorrows, you and I;
We've smiled in spite of tear-dimmed eye.
We stooped at times beneath the load,
But found sweet rest along the road.
The clouds that threatened wrath and woe
Were tinged at eve with golden glow
Until, at length, at close of day,
Your hair grew white and mine turned gray.

The light grows faint as the fire burns low;
The winds no longer rage and blow.

A smile, a kiss, a fond "Good-night,"
Until the morrow's welcome light;
Then hand in hand as we'd begun,
I whisper, "Mother": you say, "Son."

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"LOAFING 'ROUND AWHILE."

LOAFING 'ROUND AWHILE

When the glorious Fourth is over,
And the aftermath of clover
Gives the cows a breath refreshing,
And the farmer starts his threshing;
When the down is on the thistle,
And the quail is heard to whistle
From his fence-rail perch so cheery
O'er the wheat field shorn and dreary;
When the rabbit, playful hopping
Where the apples ripe are dropping,
Sits and listens on his haunches,
Then into the bushes launches;
And I'm weary of the bustle,
Sights and odors, noise and hustle
Of the City,—I just like to
Pack some things and quickly strike to
Where I feel again the joy,
That I felt when but a boy;
With a some one sitting near me,
Whose kind words and presence cheer me;—
There I sit right down and smile,
As I loaf around awhile.

What a restful, dreamy feeling
Over ev'ry sense comes stealing.
Locusts sing extravaganzas,
'Neath the trees the sunlight dances;
Butterflies, on sweets regaling,
Make their way with flights and sailing;
Bees go kissing lips of flowers
During all the sunny hours;
Catbirds "C-a-n-t" within the thicket,
Or upon a garden picket;
Robin, fearless, near me passes,
Hunting worms among the grasses;
Sees one 'neath a bunch of clover,
Pulls and nearly tumbles over;—
And I sit and look and smile,
As I loaf around awhile.

Had I never left these pleasures,
I had never felt the measures
Of my happiness o'erflowing—
Never felt the joy of knowing
That these scenes, passed by so lightly,
When the fires of youth burned brightly,
Could such peace and comfort will me,—
With such rest completely fill me.
So I am content with worry,
And with bustle, noise and hurry,

Am content to work unceasing,
Thinking of the space decreasing
'Twixt me and that dreamy feeling,
That o'er ev'ry sense comes stealing;
When I'll listen, look and smile,
As I loaf around awhile.

BACK HOME ON EASTER

I saw in all the papers of the Easter music grand,
In the City where of late I have been staying,
And some friends with kindly int'rest all unknown
to me had planned

To take me round to hear the songs and playing.
They told of Easter lilies with their blossoms pure
and white,

And banks of swaying palms the rails adorning,
And all the living pictures—a most entrancing
sight—

We'd see upon the streets on Easter morning.

They spoke of how the organs would the old, old
story tell,

In earthquake shock and dreadful trembling
thunder,

And how a noonday darkness in a cloud of black-
ness fell,

When watching soldiers paled with fear and
wonder.

And then with sweetly solemn strain we'd wait with
anxious heart

Till Christ should burst His bonds and rise in
power,
And mighty "Alleluias" from the lips of all would
start,
And songs of praise would fill the happy hour.

The picture was enticing and I very nearly stayed,
Until I called to mind a church I knew,
Where geraniums and calla lilies round the pulpit
played,
And the old, old-fashioned flowers bloomed and
grew.
Then I left this dear old City—tho' I'm fond of it,
I know,
And love it as I've never loved another;
But there's something in the air of Home I never
can outgrow,—
I took a train—and went to church with mother.

THE OLDEN TIME²

The olden time of long ago,
When skies were clear and blue,
And hearts were young and light, you know,
And yet so good and true.
When "yes" was "yes" and "no" was "no,"
And tears were rare and few;

Our world was hedged by bounding hill,
Beyond we could not see.
We did not have the thoughtful skill
To solve the mystery
Of distant place, nor yet the will,
To care if place there be.

For us, alone, arose the sun;
For us the moon at night
Came stealing up when day was done,
With disc of frozen light.
And when their courses these had run,
They just dropped out of sight.

(

The singing birds from Southland came,
But that was "Off Somewhere."
The howling winds that none can tame,
Rushed in from "Over There."
And flying snow—God made the same
From bits of cloud and air.

The long ago, now lost to view,
The time of love and song,
When days were all of life we knew,
With nights a minute long,—
We dreamed of things we meant to do:
Has life proved dreaming wrong?

WHAT IS A SPOOK?

A spook, my dear boy, is what's left of a man
Who has done something bad—so bad that he can
Never hope to find rest, but must wander around
Thro' the house or the barn or over the ground
Where he did his misdeeds: he must do them again
Regardless of scaring the women or men
Who chance to be near. In the dark, spooks are
white;

But often are black when the moon's shining bright.
They have nights to appear until that distant day
When the deed from all mem'ries has faded away.
Some say, with a credulous, knowing insistence,
Till a bullet of silver cuts short their existence,
Or until, from the place, with a howl of defiance,
They are forced to depart by reason or science.
That's a spook; so, my boy, be as good as you
can,

So you won't be a spook when you're no longer a
man.

THE SPOOK OF TURNIPTOWN BRIDGE³

The old bridge is gone with its dark, gloomy look,
And with it has vanished the Turniptown spook.

* * * * *

It seems, years ago,—so the story is told,—
A man wanted bagsful of silver and gold.
(Don't blame him a bit for wanting the pelf,
You'll admit, if you're honest, you've wished it
yourself.)

This fellow was lazy and always would shirk
All kinds of exertion—especially work.
There's only one being in all of creation
Who's in love with a man on a life-long vacation,—
That fellow's Old Nick—a hale fellow, well met,
To the one who has money or to the one who's in
debt.

Nick called on the man, spoke of bagsful of gold;
This ease-loving mortal his soul to him sold
For money sufficient to free him from fear
Of wants unprovided till his sixty-fifth year;
At which time, the man bargained, as per stipula-
tion,

To deliver his soul nor attempt defalcation
By learning and using the plan of salvation.
Then Old Nick disappeared with a smile on his face,
And behold! a bagful of gold in his place.

Nick's friend lived and prospered. Tho' his farm
was in weeds,
He had plenty of money, not only for needs
But for wishes and wants—he in luxury dwelt.
We've no way of knowing just how the man felt,
Till the time for fulfilling his contract drew near,
On the date of his birth in his sixty-fifth year,
Then he took him to drink—tried in vain to forget
That he and Old Nicholas ever had met;
But the thought wouldn't down, and each day that
went by
Was nearing the time when he'd promised to die.
There were taverns a-many in Strasburg town then,
To these he would ride on his trusty "Old Ben."
The hours he'd pass in revelry wild,
And names the most sacred were oathed and reviled,
Till e'en the most garrulous, whiskey-soaked sot,
Stopped talking and drinking and backed from the
spot.

So time sped along; the night at last came
When, in honor, he's bound to pay the full claim.

That night there were excesses greater by far
Than any he ever had spent at the bar.
The town heard the news—every one with a
thirst
Tried to see who could get to the treating place
first,
And those who were present were heard to declare,
’Twas as near Pandemonium as if Nick had been
there.

The hours flew by,—he bribed all to stay
Till the clock, striking twelve, proclaimed a new
day.
They howled out a song till the old rafters rang,
“We won’t go home until morning,” they sang.
The clock began striking; all trembling and white,
He listened and looked. With a shout of delight
He hailed the last stroke. Then into the night
He rode trusty Ben and laughed at the trick
He felt he had played unsuspecting Old Nick
By remaining in safety with cronies a score,—
He was now sixty-five and the danger was o’er.
The man little knew, it is sad to relate,
That the Devil is willing to patiently wait
When he holds a first mortgage against an estate.
An hour or day are as nothing to one
Who has a “forever” to get his work done.

He passed through the town, down the Turniptown
hill,

He slowed to a walk as he turned by the mill.
The damp in the air cooled his feverish face,
As he rode toward the bridge along the still race.
He came to the bridge—it was here he had made
The bargain he since had hoped to evade.
He stopped for a moment then on a dead run
He went into the bridge as if shot from a gun.
Old Nick was on hand and for such instant use
Had let down from a beam a suspended slip-noose.
It caught round his neck,—old Ben couldn't stop,
A jerk from the saddle, a dull, heavy drop,
And before he had time to think out a prayer,
He swung on the rope like a pendulum there.

Still hanging, they found him next morning quite
dead.

“ ’Twas a suicide case,” the Coroner said;
“ He stood on his horse, overhead the rope tied,
The horse walked away. It was thus that he died.”
The verdict, in silence, was allowed to prevail,
But many there were told a different tale.

After that, once a month, on a night dark and still,
He hung in that bridge above Turniptown mill.
As people drove through, with his heels or his toes
He would gently inflict a soft tap on the nose;

Or if they, by chance, bent aside in their fears,
With the ends of his toes he would tickle their ears.
And this was the evidence all gave unto him,
That while he was substance you passed right
straight through him.

There was many a scare. Once a man caught a look
And shot silver bullets right into the spook.
But strange to relate, he still hung there in sight,
And the man ran away in the terror of fright.

All things have an end, as the story books say,
And this is a rule even spooks must obey.
One warm summer night when the spook's time was
due,

The hat was kicked off of a man who drove through.
He was scared most to death, but he stopped at the
mill

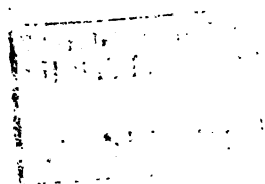
And, though his teeth chattered as if in a chill,
He said he'd go back and see what was that
Which had scared him so badly and kicked off his
hat.

They went with a lantern held out on a pole,
To see the old fellow who had bartered his soul.
When, lo and behold! on a cross beam there sat
A beautiful peacock, and beneath lay the hat.
His long tail hung down in a soft downy mass,
And this is what did things to folks as they'd pass.

The two men explained and many believed it,
But still there were doubters who would not receive
it;

And not a few lived in quite recent years,
Who claimed that real toes had tickled their ears.

But the bridge is now gone with its dark, gloomy
look,
And with it has vanished the Turniptown spook.





" FOLKS ABOUT THE TOWN WOULD GO WHOM YOU WOULD LEAST SUSPECT. "

THE OLD COUNTRY CIRCUS

That circus was a leveler of ev'ry creed and sect,
For folks about the town would go whom you would
least suspect;

Of course they'd aim to take a boy, or a boy and
girl apiece,—

It paid a body then to be a nephew or a niece.

I still can see the crowd in front, all anxious to
be in,

The band would start a lively piece in merry, rapid
din.

The elephant would trumpet clear, the lion roared
so loud

That little hearts went pit-a-pat, as nearer drew
the crowd.

Oh, what a sight for little folks! They gazed, with
bated breath;

The trick horse shot the cannon off and scared the
clown to death.

Then Mr. Donkey wandered in, the clown, he
wished to ride him,

But spite of ev'ry way he tried, he couldn't get
astride him.

And then the way that old clown sang, and acted
funny too!
He'd talk about his happy past when his "old hat
was new."
He'd try to act upon the bar, just as the others did,
He'd crawl till he got up on top, then down a rope
he slid.
He'd say such very funny things,—we laughed till
we were sore,
And when we tried to rest our cheeks, he'd go on
telling more.
His jolly life entrapped our hearts, and after he
left town,
Our chief ambition for a week, was just to be a
clown.

The little country show is gone, the clown has
passed away,
And we no longer climb the mow and practise on
the hay.
The children of to-day may have a multitude of
joys,
But that old circus beat them all, when you and I
were boys.



MR. DONKEY AND THE CLOWN.



THE OLD TOWN FIRE-ENGINES: "HOPE" AND "PERSEVERANCE"

They never were of much account, but when some
one yelled "Fire!"

To get those two old engines out was our supreme
desire.

Back to the place where they were kept, we'd run
to beat the band,

And when it came to breaking in, we boys each took
a hand.

Two men would grasp the guiding tongue of faith-
ful little "Hope,"

While all the boys would string along the "Per-
severance" rope.

Oh, my! how we did run and yell—our hearts beat
hard and fast,

The church bells rang their loudest notes as we
went rumbling past.

The blacksmith left his anvil and the baker left
his bread;

The merchant left his counter and the seamstress
left her thread;

The barber left his customer all lathered up with
soap;
The loafer stirred himself for once and grabbed
the engine rope;
The doctor left his patient, and, in her half-swept
room,
The housewife, frightened 'most to death, forgot
to leave her broom;
The big and little, old and young, the rich, the
poor, the lame,
Went hustling, bustling, calling, toward the rising
smoke and flame.

Our little "Hope"—how shall I praise the work
she tried to do?—
We filled her full, put her in place—then high the
water flew.
But "Perseverance"—poor old "Perse"—per-
haps misunderstood,
For when he came to doing work he wasn't any good.
He was supposed to draw, himself, the water from
a well,—
He'd do it just a little while, then get a balky spell.
In spite of every thing they'd do, or how they'd
bump and shout,
The good old-fashioned "bucket-line" would put
the fire out.

Back in the Lockup—northern end—these two are
stored away,
And though their names can still be read, they're
getting old and gray.
And "Perse"—strange irony of fate—is still in-
tact to-day,
While "Hope," dismantled and forlorn, is but a
common dray.

No need is there for bucket-line or these old engines
now,
Their day is done, their race is run, they've made
their final bow.
Some hundred feet of three-inch hose—some little
two-wheeled carts:
Ring up the curtain of the stage and watch them
act their parts.
The fire serpents rear and hiss—with angry hate
they bite,
And sway and turn that way and this to vent their
cruel spite.
But look! their enemy of old, since worlds first
moved through space,
Comes swishing, pouring, roaring, mad, and hurt-
ling toward the place.
The fight is brief, the serpents cowed, writhe feebly
in their den,
A hearty cheer for water clear—then all is still again.

THE OLD TOWN LOCKUP⁴

Surrounded by carrot and thistle and dock,
With storm-beaten threshold and rust-eaten lock,
A door deeply dented by stones from the hands
Of those to whose misdeeds a menace it stands,
A long narrow window without any pane,
With a board nailed upon it to keep out the rain,
It stands a sad relic of days that are gone,
When the Constable High was selected for brawn
To handle the fellow who loomed up at night,
With a drought in his system that made him get
tight,

And afterwards want to engage in a fight.
Apprehended was he, and the Constable led
A procession of those who had not gone to bed,
Out Decatur to Franklin, with uncertain tread;
Along where the gravestones showed spooky and
white,

To the left up the alley and then to the right.
A halt for a moment, a rattle of keys,
With never so much as: "Now, if you please,"
He was hustled right in, the lock gave a snap,
Then for fear of disturbing his on-the-floor nap,

They in silence withdrew, and the town settled
down,
With nothing in sight but the Constable's frown.

I'm not a boy now, so I don't always see
What happens in town, but it seemeth to me
That the look of the lockup—its lack of repair,
Tells a tale of its own in its loneliness there.
A tale to encourage the lovers of law,
That, while Nick is fighting with tooth and with
claw,
He's losing his ground in a gradual way,
And his "moral" support's showing signs of decay.

But the lockup's still there, surrounded by dock;
With storm-beaten threshold and rust-eaten lock.

THE OLD COUNTRY BAND^s

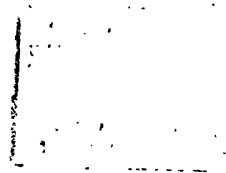
I mean the band of olden time when you and I were
boys,
When music, to be sweet to us, must drown all other
noise;
When martial airs entranced our ears, and every
feeling fired,
When uniforms with golden braid were all our
hearts desired.

Oh, how those fellows marched about on every holi-
day;
The "Square" was filled with music sweet, the
streets with bright array.
The town folks stood upon their steps, the country
folks, discreet,
With horses prancing to the tunes, drove up some
other street.

The boys? Well, you can easy guess,—we will not
try to hide it,
Whenever that old band was out, we fellows
marched beside it,



THE OLD COUNTRY BAND.



We kept the step the band-men did, and kept it
quite as well,
And always held our corner up when it was time to
yell.

Perhaps they made some discords,—perhaps the
side-horns blew
About three times as strong and loud as they, by
right, should do;
Perhaps the cymbals didn't clang exactly with the
bass,
Perhaps the "B-flats" missed some notes and tooted
out of place;

But what cared we when we were boys?—to our
uncultured breast,
"The Girl I Left Behind Me" was as good as
Sousa's best.
Our little backs would straighten up, our thoughts
would soar away,
The acme of our earthly bliss—to play a horn some
day.

I've heard full many bands since then, and paid to
get a seat,
I've heard them play their loudest airs, and softly,
sadly sweet;

**But never has my being thrilled with rapture more
complete,
Than when I heard old Strasburg band go march-
ing down the street.**



Creep, Fields, and Meadows

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING

1



MID-AUGUST⁶

Green in the valley and blue on the hill,
And brown in the fields near by.
A quiver of heat when the wind is still,
A Bob White whistle strong and shrill
And a distant sweet reply.

A locust sings me a warm, dry song,
As he sits on a tassel of corn;
And the dust is deep and the spider lines strong,
And the seconds are pushing the minutes along,
For the hours are weary and worn.

The glorious blue of the summer sky
Is changed to a hazy gray,
And a lonely white cloud goes a-floating by,
And Mother Breeze nods with a half-closed eye
While her children, the zephyrs, play.

I lie 'neath a tree in a shady nook
By a drowsy, murmuring stream.
And I listen and think and at times give a look
At the pages and lines of a lazy old book,
Till the words fade away in a dream.

THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER

The hills to the southward, though now bleak and
bare,
Are beginning to hear through the gossiping air
The whispers of heralds in lands far away
Where the sky 's always blue and the earth 's always
gay.

Across the dull scene, a fluttering bit
Of that sky quickly passes with rollicking "Twit":
The meadows look up at the young willow tree,
And smile through the snow at the colors they see.

But listen! far over the woodlands and roofs
Come the sounds of a messenger's galloping hoofs.
He is clad with the sunshine, he rides as in haste,
Adown the wide slopes and across the bleak waste.
The Frost Spirit hears and the snow-bird takes
wing,
And northward they fly to the land of their king.
On the messenger comes and he shouts loud and
clear,
"Arise and prepare, for the South Queen is near!"

At the breath of his presence the snows melt away,
The Spring Beauty's seen with the Bloodroot at
play.

Hepaticas blue and Anemones sweet
Peep out in surprise from their shady retreat;
And the Oriole tells in a song sweetly sung,
That Love is now crowned and all the world's
young.



"I STAND BENEATH THE FRAGRANT TREES."

IN APPLE-BLOSSOM TIME

The city has some charm for me
When wint'ry winds are blowing wild;
I still feel calm contentment as
The April days are growing mild;
But every part of me calls out
Like reveille of morning drum,
When the apples are in blossom
And the dreamy days are come.

Then I must drop my daily work
And leave the city far behind,
With intermingled happiness
In tired body, weary mind.
My soul anticipates her own
And speaks no more of martyrdom,—
When the apples are in blossom
And the dreamy days are come.

I stand beneath the fragrant trees—
The day is sunny, warm and still;
I breathe in, breathe in perfume sweet
Until I soul and body fill.

And then entranced I listen as
I hear the bees' low gentle hum,—
When the apples are in blossom
And the dreamy days are come.

A JUNE EVENING IN THE COUNTRY

'Tis eventide,
And weary roses, nodding in
Their cradles green, are rocked to sleep
By crooning zephyrs. Primrose doors
Are locked and barred till twilight steals
Thro' dark'ning corridors of gloom
And opens wide, with magic touch,
The golden portals. Swiftly forth
Imprisoned sweetness flies to keep
Her tryst with evening dew. Upon
A swinging branch a pewee grieves,
In plaintive tones, the dying day.
The cricket's chirp, the swooping bat,
The hooting owl, and shadows dread
And fearsome, are the retinue
Of Night. Earth's happier children sleep.

TO AN OLD TREE

The suns of long summers have withered thy form,
Around thee hath beaten the pitiless storm;
The head that so proudly looked over the plain,
Is bowed with the burden of limb-racking pain.

The friends of thy youth with a faint, dying moan,
Fell prone at Death's bidding and left thee alone;
And only a mouldering grave-mark of wood
Is seen where they once in their strong beauty
stood.

Alone, save with thoughts of the days that are by,
When life was as sweet as the young maiden's sigh
On the eve of her wedding, and the sparkle and
sheen
Of the dew on thy leaflets were diamonds in
green.

To the gray of the landscape o'er which thou dost
reign,
Give an emerald touch with the leaves that remain;
And when the long fall of thy life's growing cold,
Bid a smiling farewell robed in crimson and gold.





" I MUST DIG SOME WORMS. "

DOWN BY OLD PEQUEA*⁷

It seems to me, in early May,
When bees begin to hum,
And Nature, dressed in bright array,
Tells us that spring has come;—
It seems to me that I must dig
Some worms without delay,
And with old clothes and fishing rig,
Go down to old Pequea.

*Pronounced Peck-way.

I go right down Decatur street,
As oft I've done before,
And hurry by with nimble feet
The fellows at the store,
Who wish me every kind of luck,
And smile me on my way—
It always took a lot of pluck
To carry rods that way.



"I HURRY BY THE FELLOWS AT THE STORE "



"I'D CLIMB THE LEFT-HAND FENCE."

Through Hartman's bridge I'd fleetly go,
And climb the left-hand fence;
Bait up, unwind, and in I'd throw,
Then wait in sweet suspense
Beneath the big old elm trees,
Where coolest breezes play,—
I tell you there's no finer breeze,
Than that by old Pequea.

I'd hear the farmer "Haw" and "Gee;"
I'd watch the teams go by;
A redhead on an old dead tree
Would beat a lullaby.
The phoebe-bird would sound her "We-e-e,"
The dove her mournful lay;
All nature seemed to talk with me,
Down there by old Pequea.



"DOWN THERE BY OLD PEQUEA."



"PERHAPS I'D SIT AND SIT AND SIT."

Perhaps I'd sit and sit and sit,
And never get a bite.
Perhaps they'd nibble just a bit,
And all my nerves excite ;

And so with some or, may be, none,
I'd watch the fading day,
Then through the bridge, on a dead run,
I'd leave the old Pequea.



"I'D LEAVE THE OLD PEQUEA."



I'D SNEAK AROUND THE "SQUARE."

If I had only one or two,
I'd sneak around the "Square,"
And try to keep away from view
Of fellows standing there;
But if my string was long,—so proud
I'd be of luck that day,
I'd march right through the biggest crowd,
When coming from Pequea.

But whether none or twenty-three,
One thing was uniform:
A some one was awaiting me
With supper good and warm:
A some one that just always knew
The most persuasive way
To treat an appetite that grew,
Down there by old Pequea.



" A SOME ONE WAS AWAITING ME. "



JANUARY

The orchard is empty, the fields are bare,
The cornstalks straggle in long gray rows,
The oak twigs shiver in frosty air,
Through ice-rimmed banks the streamlet flows.
The restless leaves are tossed where'er
The wind, in eddying, fitful blows,
And hoarse and harsh, in dark despair
Come dismal caws of distant crows.
The landscape's dim and leaden clouds
Hang low in strands of filmy gray;
They clothe the cold, dead hills with shrouds,
And veil with gloom the sad-faced day.
The sleepers sleep, the birds have flown,
And Nature sighs and sobs alone.

THE DISCONTENTED ROSE

A rose grew fair in a shaded dell,
In which she reigned as Queen,
But a discontent on her spirit fell
And troubled her brow serene.
“What use am I so hidden away
From the busy paths of men?”
So she hung her head for many a day,
And sighed again and again.

But one who was weary and sad and worn,
With worldly toil and strife,
In plodding by, one cheerless morn,
Depressed by a gloomy life,—
Beheld the rose in her dewy tears,
So sparkling, pure and fair,
And a smile—the first in many years,
Returned and lingered there.

* * * * *

The rose looked up as his smile illumed
Her darkness and despair,—
And now the breeze by her perfumed,
Is wafted everywhere.

AS THE RAIN COMES DOWN

I am sitting at my casement
 As the rain is coming down ;
And I watch the interlacement
 Of the branches, gray and brown,
As with wind-entangled tresses,
Water-nymphs, with fond caresses
 Give each leaf a diamond crown,
 As the rain comes down.

Far beyond me and my casement,
 Rise the distant hills in view ;
And I see the swift effacement
 Of their undulating blue,—
First as through a gauzy curtain,
Looms the landscape, dim, uncertain,—
 Earth and sky of sombre hue,
 As the rain comes down.

Denser grows the veil, concealing
 Hill and dale and waving grain ;
And o'er thirsty plants come stealing
 Echoes of the glad refrain ;

As like children they are standing,
Arms outstretched and souls expanding,
Drinking in refreshing rain,
As the rain comes down.

PEWEE

A little bird sat on a swinging limb,

Pewee;

And sang me his song as I looked up at him,

“Pewee.”

His coat was of drab and his vest was gray,

And he sang in a slow and a solemn way,

A song that of sorrow and grief seemed to be,

“Pewee, pewee.”

“You’re sad and dejected,” I cheerily said,

“Pewee;

But you’re looking so plump that I’m sure you’re
well fed,

Pewee.

Your suit it is warm and so nicely pressed,—

In fact, I should say you are very well dressed,

So why all this sorrow and grief should there be,

Pewee, pewee?”

He slanted his head and he looked down at me,

“Pewee;”

I waited his answer beneath that old tree,

“Pewee.”

I waited his answer but none e'er came,
For all he would do was to sit and exclaim,
In a voice full of sorrow as ever could be,
"Pewee, pewee."

How foolish it was thus to sit there and say,
"Pewee."

The sun was so bright and the earth was so gay,
Pewee.

I left him alone, for he made me feel sad,
I tried hard to cheer, but he wouldn't be glad,
And as I departed I heard his faint "wee,"
"Pewee, pewee."





"SWEET REST IS THERE WITHIN THIS GLEN."

A QUIET HOUR^s

Sweet rest is there within this glen
Afar from sights and sounds of men.
With head uncovered to my peers
Whose stately brows are crowned with years,
I touch the sceptre and am one
Of all these till day is done.

Around me stand some kingly oaks,
And near them are the weaker folks—
The courtly poplar, tall and spare,
Lifts high his head for light and air.
A lordly chestnut holds his arm,
As if to shield himself from harm;
And here and there, secure and low,
The sassafras and dogwood grow.
Quite near at hand from out the mould,
A spring of water, pure and cold,
Rests for a time, and rippling then,
Begins its journey down the glen.

At first no sound except the breeze,
Which gently sways the taller trees;
Then robin sings her evening hymn,
Upon a near-by swinging limb.

A cuckoo just above me prays
For rainy weather in three days.
A mourning dove, far down below,
Coos sadly as in grief or woe.
A thrush in hillside bush secure,
Sends out its music clear and pure.
And while I sit among the green,
With ferns and bushes for a screen,
Just out of reach upon a tree,
A squirrel coughs and barks at me.
He frisks about, and scolds and chatters,
About a score or more of matters ;
Sits upright, gives a farewell cough,
From limb to limb then scampers off.
A rustle in the leaves and stalks,—
Across the path a tortoise walks ;
With measured tread he moves along,
And heedless is of scene and song.

With gentle voice a sad pewee,
Awakes me from my reverie.
The glen grows dark and night is nigh,
The dews upon the grasses lie.
I count my quiet hour well spent,
And homeward go with heart content.

"I SIT AMONG THE GREEN."



2000
2001
2002

Smiles

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

ELLEN FOWLER FELKIN



TO THE MAN WHO CAN MAKE US
LAUGH⁹

God bless the man who can make us laugh
Who can make us forget for a time,
In the sparkling mirth of a paragraph,
Or a bit of ridiculous rhyme,
The burden of care that is carried each day,
The thoughts that awaken a sigh,
The sorrows that threaten to darken our way—
God bless the dear man, say I.

TWO WAYS¹⁰

There may be ways unnumbered, but to me there
are but two,
Of going on life's journey toward the end we have
in view,—
One way is cold and dreary—the sun drops out of
sight,
And more than half the journey is accomplished in
the night.
No stars are in the heavens, no blossoms fair are
seen.
The path is rough and rugged and the folks we
meet are mean.
And here I give the reason that the joys of life we
miss:

We keep the corners of our mouths turned downward just like this.

The other way—a joyful path,—there's not a bit
of gloom;
The birds are singing in the trees, the flowers are
in bloom.

The sun shines down in splendor on the twinkling
drops of dew,—

From every hill-top in our path we get a pleasant
view.

The folks we meet are wreathed in smiles, their
journey is but play;

They walk along with laugh and song, through-
out the live-long day.

And here I give the reason that our way is full of
bliss:

We keep the corners of our mouths turned upward just like this.

THE WORD THAT GOT AWAY

You hunt around through all your mind,
To get the word you can not find.
You search beneath your bald domain,
But look through every cell in vain.
You peep through temple doorways round,
And tap your nose with look profound.
Along cerebral cortex gray
You see where it has been at play,
And hear the laughing imp's delight
As quick it hurries out of sight.
At length, when all has been explored,
You find it down your spinal cord,
And with exultant, joyous songs,
You put that word where it belongs.
A thankful sigh escapes your breast,
The while you pause and take a rest.

THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY

There is needed an invention,
By lovers of the truth,
It is needed for the older men
As well as for the youth.
I refer to a "contrapshun"
That will accurately weigh
With an automatic register,
The fish that got away.

It's strange, I know, to all of us,
And right against all wishing,
That Washington and we are pards,—
Until it comes to fishing;
And then old Ananias is
Our boon companion gay,
Who quietly suggests the weight
Of fish that get away.

I'm sure if such a thing were used,
My friends, by me and you,
The angel that records our deeds
Would have much less to do.

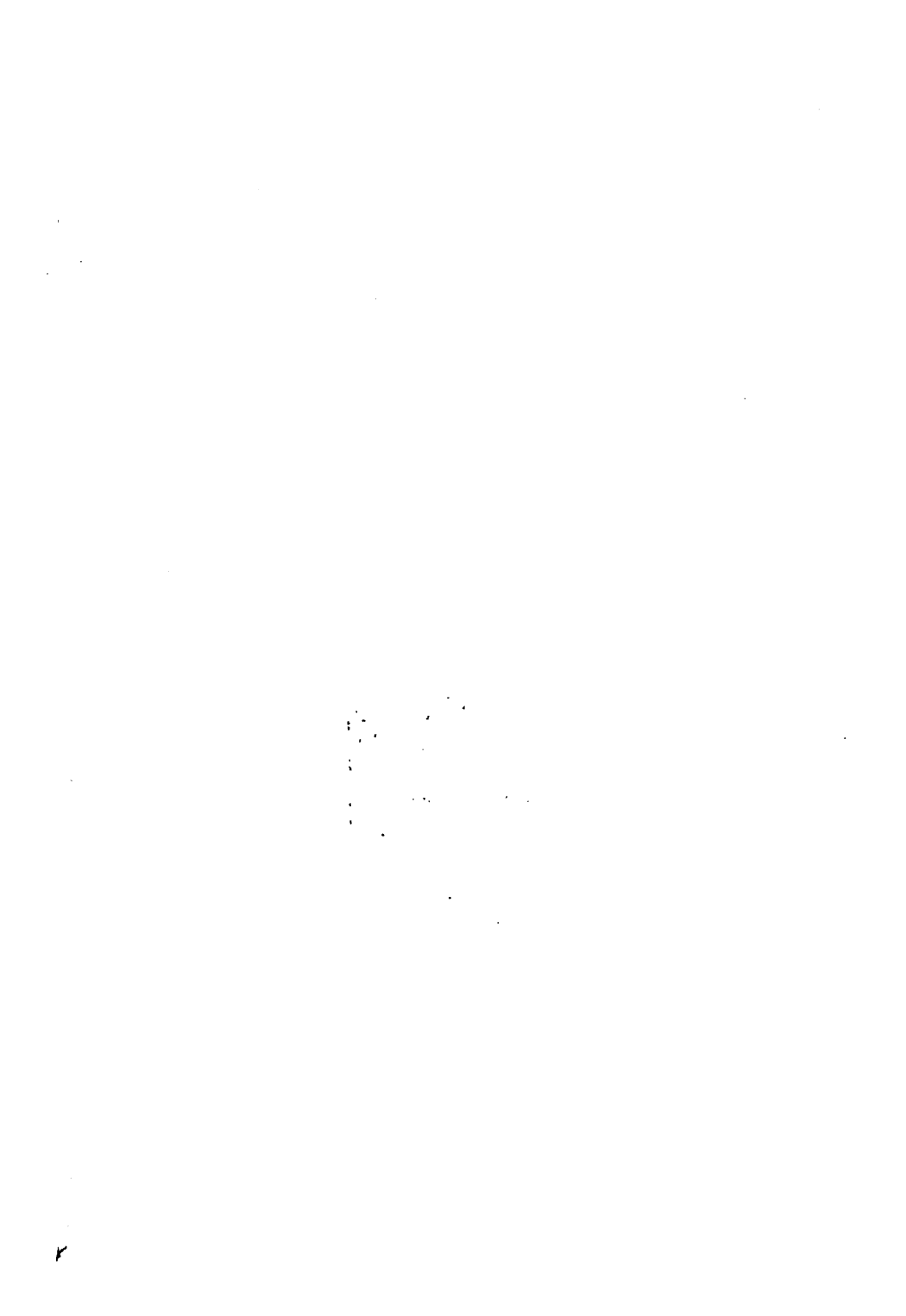
But would we use it? There's the rub!
And would we want to weigh
In pounds and ounces on our lines,—
The fish that get away?



School Days

"Tell tales out of schoole."

HERWOOD





THE OLD PUMP HOUSE



RUNNING BAREFOOT¹¹

What fun it was, in early spring,
When days were warm and mild,
And birds came back and everything
Just sunned itself and smiled,
To sit down by the old pump trough,
When mother wasn't near,
And sneak our shoes and stockings off ;
But then came half a fear
That we might see a frown o'erspread
Her ever kindly face,
'Till smilingly she shook her head,
And then departed every dread,
And joy usurped its place.

How carefully we first would walk
Upon the cold, damp ground !
We didn't want to laugh nor talk,
Nor heedless gaze around,



Want to go
Out to play;
Work says, "No,
Not to-day."

Time we've lost
We must gain;
And the cost:
"You remain."

Pleasure calls,
"I'll not wait."
Teardrop falls
On Life's slate.

Wish some day
We could shout,
Free and gay,
"First ones out."

HE SAW ME AFTER SCHOOL¹²

When in dreamy reminiscence I go back to boyhood
days,
And review the scenes and trials that were then
along life's ways,
There is one that stands out boldly like a summer
evening cool,
Of the boy that shook his fist and said he'd see me
after school.

I do not know what thing I did, nor whether bad
or good,
I may have answered what he missed and trapped
him as I should,
I may have jagged him with a pin when he could
not jag back,
Or maybe placed upon his seat an upright little
tack;
It matters little what it was or that it broke a
rule,
But this I know, he shook his fist and *saw* me after
school.

I thought, when boyhood days were past, such
things would cease to be,
But as I sit in manhood's school the old scene comes
to me,—
The words are slightly changed, of course, but
there's the silent threat
Within the angry whisper, "I'll be even with him
yet."
And other words I've heard men use that had a
bluish tint,
And somewhat of a sulphur smell that can't be
shown in print.

There's something very human in these acts of
yours and mine,
In acts that rise above them there's a touch of the
Divine;
For great as ocean's breadth exceeds a noisome
little pool,
Are minds that never say nor *think*, "I'll see him
after school."

A WAY-SIDE FLOWER

A teacher once stood at her school-room door
And welcomed her happy-faced throng,—
All answering back the smile she wore
In tune with her heart-beat song.

And one there was from a home of wealth
Who lacked no comfort nor care,
With a winsome face and a glow of health,
And curly, dark brown hair.

And one there was, neglected and sad,
Whose creature comforts were few,
With wizened form but poorly clad,
And hair of faded hue.

The first oft handed a beautiful rose,
As she gracefully glided by;
The other saw and felt the woes
That empty hands imply.

But once she came with a dandelion,
She had plucked along the way,
And anon her face would pale and shine,
As well it might that day.

But her teacher stooped and took the flower,
With smiling, thankful face,
As if 't were fresh from choicest bower,
And cherished every grace.

She saw with happy childish pride,
Her flower was worn all day,
But did not know at eventide,
'Twas gently laid away.

* * * * *

I know a school where we shall go,
And each from out his store,
Will give the best he can bestow,
To Teacher at the door.

And if upon that morning cool,
My best a weed should be,
I hope the Teacher of that school,
May be as kind to me.

I'VE GOTTO GO TO SCHOOL

Where is the good ol' summer time that I've so
lately known?

It's gone way back an' settled down an' left me sad
an' lone.

Where is the kite I used to fly? Go ask the high
pole wires.

Where is the little yacht I made? Broke up for
makin' fires.

Where are the nice long tramps I took? And
where's the swimmin' pool?

Them things is gone, for mother says, I've gotto
go to school.

Good-bye to forts that I have dug, to places where
I've played.

Good-bye to trees that I have clum, to friends that
I have made.

Good-bye to rollin' on the grass, a-hummin' good
ol' tunes.

Good-bye to doin' as I please in long ol' after-
noons.

Las' night I heard my father say, " It seems a
kind of shame,
To stop that boy from runnin' wild, an' settle down
so tame.
Let's keep him home a week or so until it gets more
cool."
But mother shook her head—and so, I've gotto go
to school.

Good-bye to sayin' " ain't " an' " got," an' " me "
instead of " I."
Good-bye to every thing but set an' be as good as
pie.
I'll bet I'll be the very first to break some kind of
rule.
No use to kick when mother says, I've gotto go to
school.

MINDING COWS¹³

Down the White Oak road where the grass was
green,

And glistening bright with the morning dew,
He followed the cows with a brow serene,
And a heart that only gladness knew.

A straw hat browned by the last year's sun,
With ravelled brim—no band nor bow,
His "gallusses" decreased to one,
A pair of pants with room to grow.

He whistled a tune as he walked along,
Down the little hills to the level space,
And now and then a burst of song,
Awoke the smiles on his merry face.

As the hungry cows ate clover white,
And the scattered red from the field near by,
They soon were lost in the charming sight,
Of fields and woods and the meeting sky.

He heard the birds in the cherry tree,
He knew their names from their random notes,
From the wing-lift fly that he watched to see,
Or the gladsome song from their joyous throats.

A flicker hammers an old dead tree,
A red-head sits on a distant post.
A happy robin sings a hymn,
While the purple grackles strut and boast.

He sees the spider weave and spin
A web to catch and hold her prey,
And the funnel-house she hastens in,
When danger comes along her way.

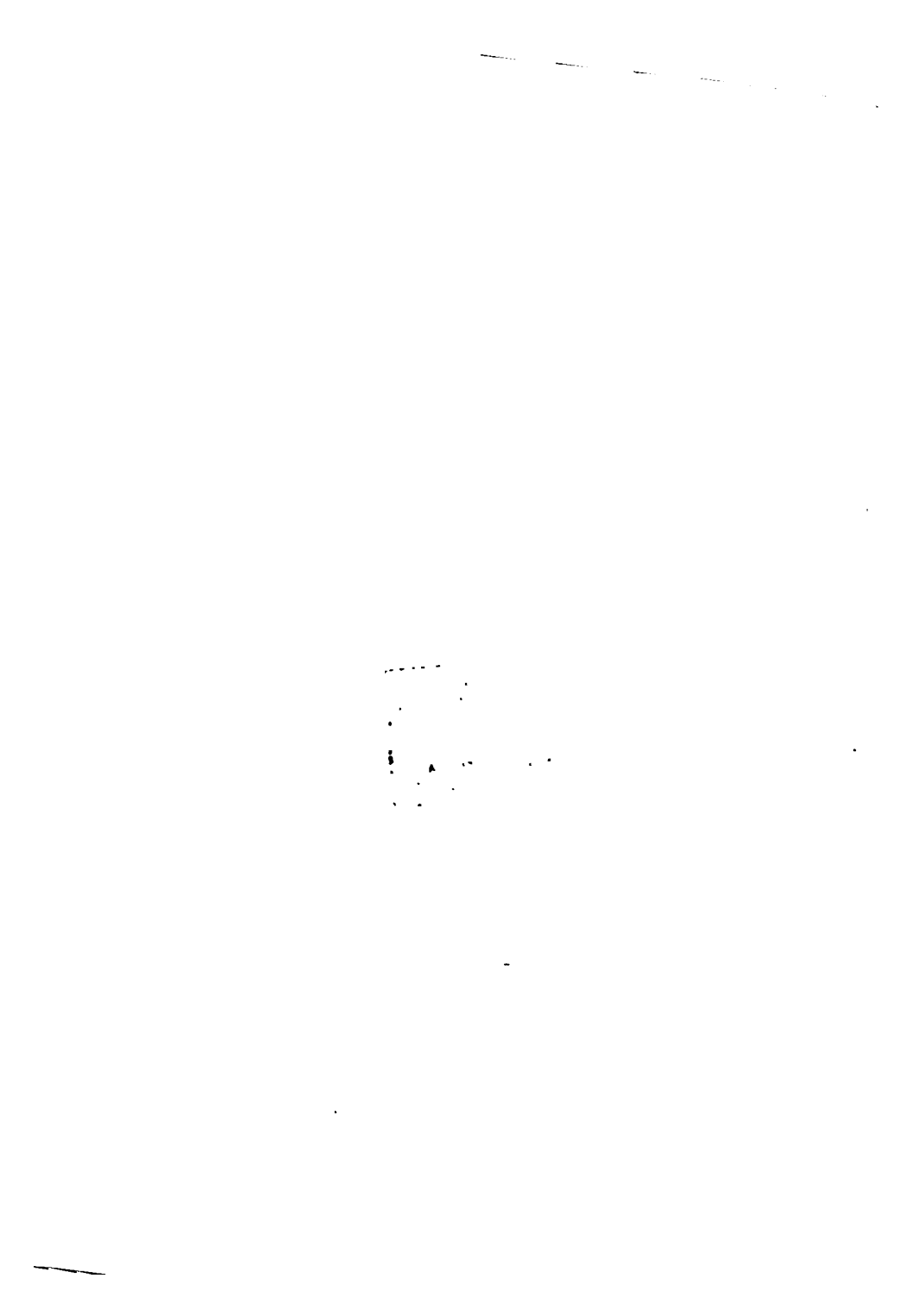
He laughs at tumble-bugs that roll
Their little spheres with a backward push,
But helps to place them in a hole
Beneath the shade of an elder bush.

But soon all nature fades from sight,
He does not see the passing teams,
On Fancy's wings he takes his flight,
And visits realms of youthful dreams.

Perhaps those dreams arouse and wake
The life that else in sleep were spent,
And from his mind, so thoughtless, take
The stolid hope of calm content.



"HE HEARD THE BIRDS IN THE CHERRY-TREE."



But what he sees,—ah, who can know !
A smile is on his face intent,
No doubt the sweetest blossoms blow,
And castles rise of wide extent,—

Fair castles with no dungeons drear,
Where grandest harmonies beguile,
Where sun is shining bright and clear,—
Let's leave him with his dreams awhile.

* * * * *

The fountains play, the sky is blue,
His brow is kissed with perfumed breeze,
A gauzy curtain dims his view,
The birds are singing in the trees.

The birds are singing all around,
The cherry tree is vocal now,
He turns to listen to the sound,
And sees close by—a grazing cow.

He rises from his grassy seat,
And to a passing stranger bows,
He looks upon his bare brown feet,—
He's still a youngster, minding cows.

BOY LIKE¹¹

“ Do yees like to go to school, me b’y,”
Said Uncle Pat to little Mike.
“ I like to go, I like to come,
It’s stayin’ there I do not like,”
Said Mike.

AT THE CONFECTIONER’S WINDOW¹¹

When young, how we wanted to try them !
Those candies our palates would taunt ;
But now, when we’ve money to buy them,
We don’t see a thing that we want.

INSTITOOT WEEK¹²

Goodness me, how we did look

For Institoot week;

Didn't see nor touch no book,

Institoot week.

Prised our minds from schoolroom ruts,

Hunted rabbits or gathered nuts,

Life was minus its "ifs" and "buts,"

Institoot week.

Folks at home were not so glad,

Institoot week.

Seemed like they were sorta sad,

Institoot week.

While we had just loads of joys,

Mother said, "Those boys, those boys."

Sister yelled, "*You stop that noise!*"

Institoot week.

Played at circus and had a fight,

Institoot week.

Woe is me!—come Saturday night,

Institoot week.

Mother, in a tone severe,
Said, " Those lessons now I'll hear."
Good-bye till another year,
Institoot week.

THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS

A fellow in our school, he said,
 " There ain't no Santa Claus."
I guess that feller's been in bed,
 W'en Santa came, because
Las' year,—I give you this f'r proof,
 I heard his sleigh-bells ring,
I heard him stop up on our roof
 An' unpack ev'rything.
Our chimbly is too small inside,
 'Twould be too tight a fit,
We opened up the window wide,
 An' let him come through it.
An' there next morning, sure anuff,
 Were things he left f'r me.
I can't remember all the stuff,
 He piled around that tree.

So if a fellow makes believe
 There ain't no Santa Claus,
You start to laffin' up y'r sleeve,
 An' let 'm talk, because

I heard him give a little cough,
It gave me quite a fright,
But as the reindeer started off,
I heard him say, " Good Night."
So if you want the fastest sled,
In all the neighborhood,
Don't stay up late but git to bed,—
You'll get it if yo'r good.

A LONG TIME TILL CHRISTMAS

Thanksgiving time is over an' I didn't do a
thing

To that ol' turkey lyin' on the plate.

I didn't say, "I'll take the neck," or "Please give
me the wing,"

An' tho' it was 'most awful hard to wait,—

I held myself together till the white meat came to
view,

Beneath its dotted skin of golden brown,

An' then my lips began to feel like grass blades
tipped with dew,

F'r I was 'bout the hungriest boy in town.

But Thanksgiving time is over an' I'm longin' for
the day,

That seems about a thousand years from now,
When the Christmas tree will bloom again in its ol'
usual way,

With gilt an' things bespanglin' every bough.

The days an' hours crawl along like fishin' worms
or snails,—

So slow they hardly seem to move a bit,
An' bein' good for weeks an' months an' never tell
no tales,

'Most gives me nervous spasms or a fit.

But bein' good 's the thing that pays, when Christ-
mas days arrive,

For boys that try need never have no fears,
But when the time is fully come I hope that I'm
alive,

For now it seems about a thousand years.

THEY'VE STOLEN SANTA CLAUS

Oh, let me sleep and dream again that Santa Claus
will come,
With jolly face and merry laugh and reindeer
frolicsome!
And let me feel, as long ago, the hush of Christmas
Eve,
On which no evil thing may walk, nor sorrows come
to grieve;
And then that glad awakening hour—the rush of
hurrying feet—
The cries of wonder and of joy, and happiness
complete.

But cruel hands came years ago and stole Saint
Nick away;
They also stole my fairies and my elves and wood-
nymphs gay.
They stole the wonder from the cloud, the myst'ry
from the snow,
And gave me only “reasons” for real things I
used to know.

Away with them whose cruel hands took Santa from
my sight!
Away with them whose murd'rous glare, my fairies
put to flight!
And let me sleep and dream again that Santa Claus
will come,
With jolly face and merry laugh and reindeer
frolicsome.

BILLY BEECHERS AN' ME

That boy in our alley's a reg'lar gen'us,

An' w'at he don't know there's no use of knowin',
Beside him us fellows appear just as green as
The blades of the grass that our back yard is
growin'.

Why you just ought to see all the kites he invents
us,

They fly the first time that you pull on the
string,—

There's a kind like a box an' it quite discontents us
That we can not make such a wonderful thing.

There's me an' my pardner,—we live nex' door
neighbors,—

Have bikes of our own of the newest high grade,
An' lots of fine fun do we get from our labors,
A-pumpin' aroun' in the sunshine an' shade.

But, oh, my heart aches w'en I see Billy Beechers,
Go by on his soap box set up on four w'eels,
With the tongue in his hand an' a smile on his
features,
An' makin' it go with a kick of his heels.

I coaxed him to follow, one day in September,
W'ere mother nor Auntie nor no one could see,—
How jolly it was I now reccomember,
With no one to yell at or make fun of me.

For w'at do you think: I loaned Billy my bike, sir,
An' while he went 'round like a fly with one wing,
I got in his box an' you ne'er saw the like, sir,
How happy I rode in that four-wheeled old
thing.

Now, Billy has little to have a good time on,
His pants are all patched an' out at the knee,
But then he's so jolly,—I'd give my new "dia-
mond,"
If I could be Billy an' Billy be me.

UP TO BED IN WINTER

(A Ballad of Boyhood Days)

Through the little hallway, to the garret door,
Creaking on its hinges as the cold winds roar;
Up the winding stairway—narrow steps and steep;
Noises in the distance make my backbone creep.

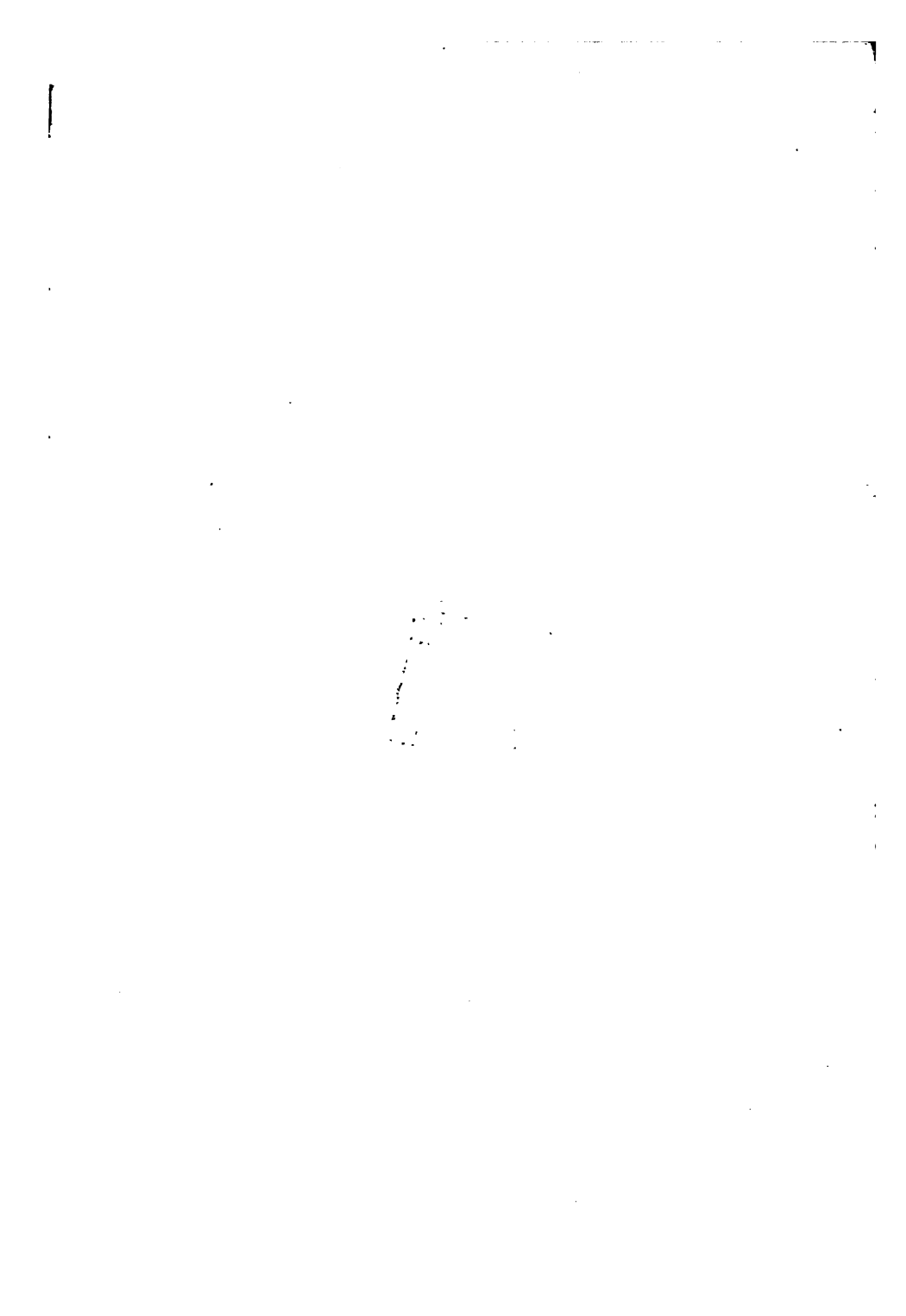
Hold my candle head-high and see the rafters
white
Waving spooky signals in the flick'ring light.
Smell the cypress shingles, as I fearful stop;
Look around in silence, when I reach the top.

See old chairs and cradle—boxes, spaces wide,
Where the things I'm 'fraid of, have a chance to
hide.
Scamper for the room door, with untimed dispatch,
Candle burns so dimly, hardly find the latch.

Jump right through the doorway, close it good
and tight;
Listen for an instant, see if all is right.

North wind whistles shrilly, I prepare for bed.
Shutters creak and rattle, 'nough to wake the
dead.

Turn the bed-clothes over, takes but half a minute.
Howl, ye spooks and storm fiends! I am safe with-
in it.





"SUGARED BREAD FOR BEIN' GOOD."

SUGARED BREAD

An urchin, brown of hands and feet,
A slice of bread both thick and wide;
A layer white of sugar sweet,
Upon the smoothly buttered side.
His chin and nose and lips and cheeks
Are with the sugar overstrewn,
And while he eats his gladness speaks
In broken measures of a tune.
"Why all this joy?" I smiling said.
"How came you by such dainty food?"
He answered with a nodding head,
"This is a piece of sugared bread,
That mother gave for bein' good."

Then, watching, as he ate and smiled,
The years between us rolled away,
And I, like him, was just a child
And time began but yesterday.
I, too, had felt that thrill of joy,
For oft misjudged by some, I knew
That mother understood her boy,
And all of his temptations, too.

That night, when all had gone to bed,
I to the pantry went and stood
And cut a gen'rous slice of bread,
Then o'er it crystal sweetness spread,
Like mother did for being good.

SCHOOL IS OUT

If you listen you can hear
Sounding long and loud and clear,—
Far above the traffic's hum,
Voices glad and frolicsome,—
Voices loud and full of glee,
Can't control their jollity.
Echoes far and near the shout:
"School is out."

Sponge-box wrapped in cover blue,
Note books strapped around the two,
Swing them high and swing them low,
Swing them round and let them go.
Hide 'em where you can't remember,
Get some new ones next September.
Not a sigh and not a pout:
School is out.

* * * * *

All alone the teacher stands,
Tired mind and tired hands.
Wearied by long months of care,
Strangely moved to linger there

Where each desk still mutely speaks
Of the long, long days and weeks
When she looked in faces bright
That have vanished from her sight.
Glad and sad she hears the shout:
"School is out."



Clouds

**“Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.”**

LONGFELLOW



SYMPATHY

When Sorrow's aching head is bending low,
And words of comforting, so kindly meant
Are voiced by loving friends who never yet
Have known the kind of heart-cold grief you bear,
How little do they lift your weight of woe,
Or open dry-eyed springs of bitterness!
But when one comes, no matter how uncouth
In look or speech, and takes your hand and holds
It till you feel his heart-throb tremble there,
And says, "I, too, have had a grief like this,"
The frozen heart is warmed, and tides of tears,
Arising high, o'erflow their dismal shores,
And bright-eyed hope and resignation calm
Shine through the eastern windows of the soul.

TEARS

The hearts that love and suffer loss,
May find a sweet relief
When kindly Nature's key of tears
Unlocks the gates of grief.

But they who lose what most they love,
Without a tear or moan,
May have a deeper, truer grief,
Than tears have ever known.

ONLY

Only a little bird,
Only a little nest,
That gentle breezes stirred,
As down they sank to rest.

Only an evening song,
Plaintive, soft and sweet;
Only a silence long,
Brooding o'er the wheat.

Only a passing storm,
Wrecking bird and nest,—
Only a lifeless form,
Only a silent breast.

Only a lonely mate,
Only a search in vain,—
Little knowing the fate,
Calling again and again.

Home and love all gone,
Broken tender ties,
Darksome is the dawn,
Gloomy are the skies.

Hoping early fall,
Wishing evening gray,—
Longing for the call,—
South-land far away.

THORNS AND ROSES

I saw a soul in the midst of thorns,
Dark-browed with rebellious grief,
It blindly rushed on the bramble wall,
In search of a swift relief.
I saw it bleeding, weak and torn,—
Saw friends around it bow,
While angry wounds, with cruel pen,
Wrote “sorrow” on its brow.

I saw a soul in the midst of thorns,
Tear-stained with a sudden grief;
It gently made a path-way through
The wall and found relief.
It gathered roses as it came,
I spoke of wounded feet,
It, smiling, answered, “I forgot,
The roses are so sweet.”

HOPE ON¹⁴

Life so short, eternity so long ;
 Dreamless sleep, awake, then sleep again ;
A beating heart amidst a rushing throng ;
 A sadly sweet but soul entrancing strain.

A little love inmixed with griefs and tears ;
 A little light from out a clouded sky ;
A little time—some days accounted years ;
 Some years as days as swiftly moving by.

On every side a desert, bare and drear ;
 Some blades of grass, a tree, perchance a stream ;
A stony path beset with things we fear ;
 And only stars to give a welcome beam.

But deep between the mountains far ahead
 We see the fertile valley's beauties shine ;
We hear the birds and see the soft light spread,
 And note our longing hearts say, "These are
 thine."

And so the way, so drear, more pleasing grows ;
The tree, fruit-laden, courtesies as we pass ;
The stream with rippling laughter, joyous flows ;
And perfumed blossoms spring among the grass.

THE SOLITARY SANDPIPER

You run along the water's edge,
While I lie here
And watch you thro' the reedy sedge,
Alone and drear.

And you're alone and silent, too,
The same as I,
While Nature's glad and golden hue
Tints earth and sky.

Does your dear mate await below,
Upon the nest?
Ah! happy one, you can not know,
Lost love's unrest.

Or are there just some scattered leaves
About the spot
Where oft thy soul in sadness grieves,
Since she is not?

Here's sympathy, my little friend,
Come, have no fear.

* * * * *

You're lost to sight around a bend,
And I lie here.

IN THE CEMETERY

A silent retreat for the tired and weary ;
A place for the sad-featured pilgrim to rest,
When the south-wind is warm and the heart's sky
is dreary,
Tho' earth in her beauty is pleasingly dressed.

The marble and granite in martial alignment,
Keep watch at the door of the guard-tents of
green ;
Where Death holds his captives in lonely confinement,
And none can escape from his vigilance keen.

The breeze turns the silence of pine trees to sighing ;
The box-wood its odor imparts to the air.
There are tears in the eyes unaccustomed to crying,
As dark-hooded grief stands in loneliness there.

Ah, sad is that heart to whom death is all-ending,—
No hope of a future where loved ones will meet ;
Compared to the grief that his heart-strings is
rending,
These tears that we shed are surpassingly sweet.



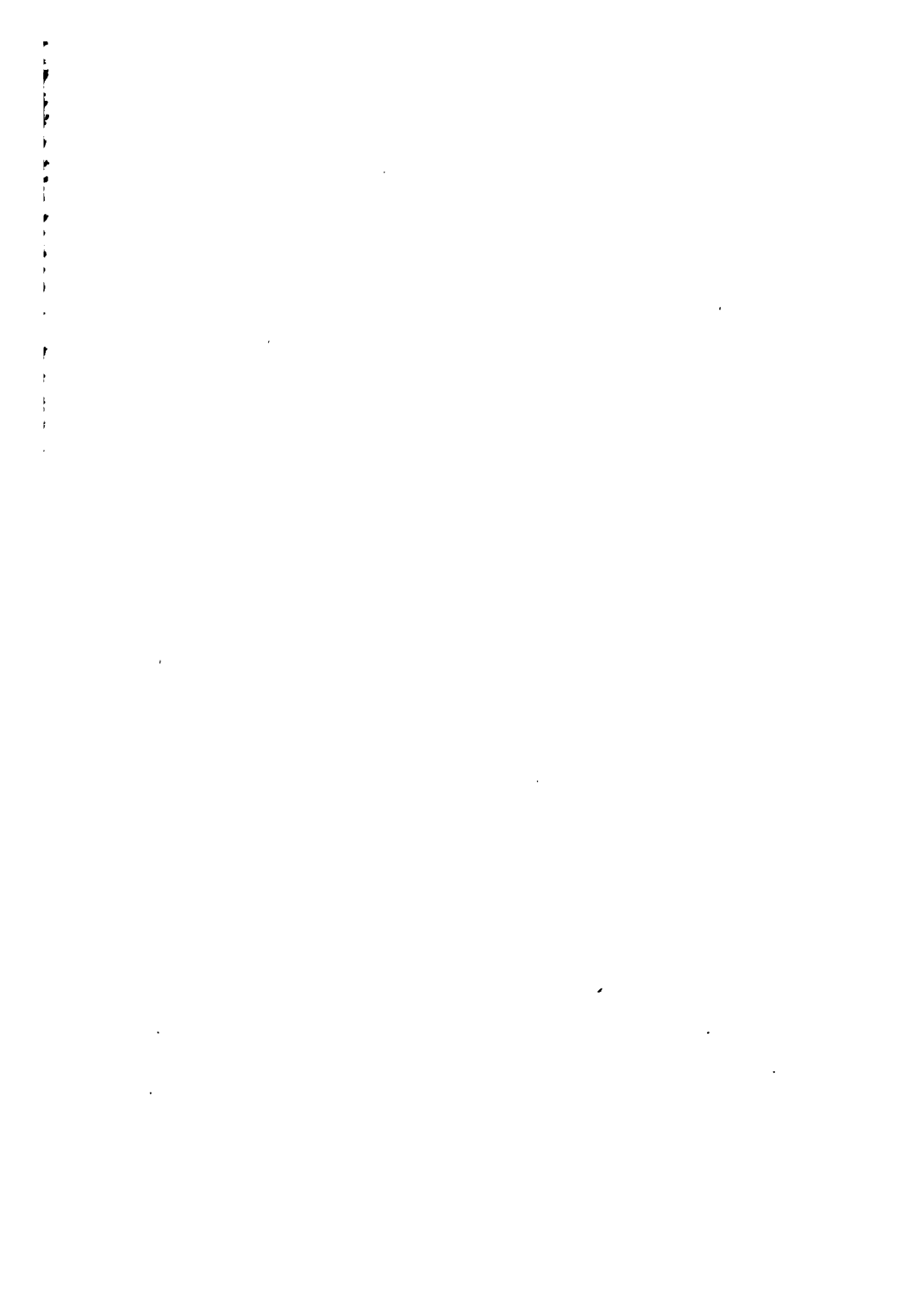
"A SILENT RETREAT FOR THE TIRED AND WEARY."



Church Bells

**“Hear the tolling of the bells,—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their
monody compels!”**

POE





THEY SANG A HYMN¹⁶

They sat within the "upper room,"
At evening dim.
He spoke of His impending doom,
And then as fell the gathering gloom,
They sang a hymn.

I wish I could have heard that song,—
'Twas sweet, I know;
For loving John would sing out strong,
And Peter's bass would roll along
So rich and low.

Voice after voice took up the strain,
As it arose;
The sweetness of that grand refrain
Excluded thoughts of loss or pain,
And cruel foes.

But sweeter, purer than the rest,
His voice was heard;
And Angels in the regions blest,
With hands on throbbing harp-strings pressed,
Drank in each word.

And then Gethsemane, and prayer:
“Thy will be done.”
Alone to grieve and suffer there,—
Alone, but for the Angel's care
Of the Father's Son.

HELP US FORGET¹⁴

Help us forget, O Lord, the things
That bind us sadly to the past.
Help us forget the sins we've done,
The battles we have wrongly won,
The actions that encloud our sun,—
Yea, all our sky o'ercast.
Remembrance makes us grieve and fret,
Help us, O Lord, help us forget.

Help us forget! for ev'ry thought
That dwells upon our yesterdays
But steals away a present deed
Of which the world hath urgent need.
For this, O Lord, we humbly plead,
While yet the moment stays,
That Thou wilt cancel all the debt,
And then, O Lord, help us forget.

Help us forget the sorrows that
Have left our heart-strings bleeding, torn.
We know that Thou wilt never leave
Nor yet forsake the hearts that grieve;

Give us the grace to trust, believe,
And teach us not to mourn.
Our present duties must be met,
Help us, O Lord, help us forget.

Help us forget in all our past,
Whatever keeps us far from Thee.
Our future shall from dread be freed,
By waters still our paths shall lead,
In greenest pastures we shall feed.

This, then, our constant plea:
Grant us relief from vain regret;
Help us, O Lord, help us forget.

Help us remember, Lord, Thy love,
Whose depth and height we can not know.
Help us remember grace received,
Our hearts unchained, our souls reprieved,
Our ransom Thou alone achieved
With sorrow, pain and woe.
Remembrance fond, of these, but let
Our minds and hearts all else forget.

MY PSALM

When you're sad and heavy-hearted,
Sing a song.
Keep your face from ever showing
How the storms within are blowing,
Be it raining, hailing, snowing,
Sing out strong.

Other hearts will hear and feel
If you sing,
That amid earth's darkest shades
They may find some sunny glades,
Filled with light that never fades,—
Make it ring.

Then your heart will feel the thrill,
Upward soar;
And your gloom will disappear,
And your sky be bright and clear,
Keep it thus from year to year,
Evermore.

THY LOVE HATH CONQUERED¹⁴

I thought Thee heartless, cruel, cold,
 Some years ago,—long years ago.
And while I tried my thoughts to hide, withhold,
And with a braggart tongue be free and bold,
I knew Thou knewest all, and thought Thee then,
Malign,—disturber of the peace of men;
 Some years ago,—long years ago.

Thou did'st not leave me when I stole away,
 Some years ago,—sad years ago.
I met Thee at each turning of the way,
And Thou did'st smile—how well I know the day,
And yet I turned my stubborn soul from Thee,
And told my heart that this was liberty.
 Some years ago,—sad years ago.

But when I came unto Thee face to face,
 Some years ago,—glad years ago,
And saw Thy goodness and forgiving grace,
And found sweet freedom in Thy strong embrace,
I knew that *I* was heartless, cruel, cold,
And Thou all kindliness and love untold,
 Some years ago,—glad years ago.

UNANSWERED PRAYERS¹⁴

I note, when a friend sends a letter,
And asks me a how, when, or why,
He'll acknowledge that he is my debtor,
By sending a stamp for reply.

And I've thought, that may be the reason
(But, of course, this is only supposed)
That our prayers were not answered in
season,—
There was never a stamp enclosed.

RETURN TO THY REST, O MY SOUL *

Return to thy rest, O my soul;

Thou art cumbered, like Martha, with care,
While in fellowship sweet, Mary sits at Christ's feet,
And rests in His confidence there.

Thou art troubled and tempted and tried;

Evil forces are pulling thee down,
And soon from thy brow (they're attempting it
now)

They will tear thy chief treasure—thy crown.

Return to thy rest, O my soul;

Thou hast gone to a country afar,
Exhausted thy store, and the famine is sore,
As famines in far countries are.

Come, leave all the things that annoy,

And press toward the all-winning goal;
Then thy longing will cease—thou wilt find perfect
peace,—

Return to thy rest, O my soul.

*Ps. cxvi: 7.

"UNTO THE THIRD GENERATION" ¹⁴*

A muttered curse, an angry word
From unaccustomed lips was heard;
It echoed in another's life,
Engendered hatred, malice, strife,
Till in a third all bounds it swept,
And parents o'er a murderer wept.

A blessing fell like evening dew,
Upon a heart that evil knew;
From anger's sway it gave release,
And filled another's heart with peace,
While of a third, the people say,
"A saint is dwelling here to-day."

* Ex. xx: 5-6.

THE ONE-TALENT MAN¹⁴

He couldn't sing and he couldn't play,
He couldn't speak and he couldn't pray.
He'd try to read but break right down,
Then sadly grieve at smile or frown.

While some with talents ten begun,
He started out with only one.
"With this," he said, "I'll do my best,
And trust the Lord to do the rest."

His trembling hand and tearful eye
Gave forth a world of sympathy;
When all alone with one distressed,
He whispered words that calmed that breast,

And little children learned to know,
When grieved and troubled, where to go.
He loved the birds, the flowers, the trees,
And, loving him, his friends loved these.

His homely features lost each trace
Of homeliness, and in his face
There beamed a kind and tender light
That made surrounding features bright.

When illness came he smiled at fears,
And bade his friends to dry their tears.
He said, "Good-bye," and all confess,
He made of life a grand success.

PETER FORGIVEN¹⁴

"Lovest thou Me more than these?"—JOHN 21: 15

Until to-day the future was not clear
To me. For years I followed Him about
Believing it was He, indeed, who should
Redeem my people, for He spake as no
Man ever spake and did such deeds as made
Us stand in awe.

And so, when Judas and
His band laid hands on Him, I looked to see
Him lift His eyes to Heaven and call a host
From thence, then march in triumph and in pomp
Unto the City's gates. I thought to hear
A mighty chorus sing:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of Glory shall come in!"

I hoped that I, a partner in His need,
Might be a courtier by His throne. I hoped
The glory of His earthly reign would be
The glory of the sun among the stars.
But when I saw Him bound and led away,

Then saw Him stand as I thought I myself
Might stand before the High Priest Caiaphas,
My doubts made partners of my fears and I
Denied that I had ever known the man.
They crucified Him ere I had a chance
To ask Him to forgive. In sorrow and
Deep bitterness of soul, succeeding days
Were passed. I lived; I thought; but cannot tell
With clearness, how I lived or what I thought—
Bewildered by the quick succession of events.
Then early on a morn the news was brought
That He had risen from the dead; that He
Had talked with Mary and had mentioned me
Alone by name; that He would meet us all
In Galilee. My heart leaped up and throbbed
With wild, tumultuous joy. I soon would see
Him—soon would be forgiven for the sin
Of my denial.

Strong in thought was I,
But weak in deed. Four times I met Him face
To face and heard His "Peace be unto you."
For me there was no peace. No word or look
He gave that savored of reproof. He seemed
To long and wait. Within my soul, I know
He saw the mighty battle rage, and yet
I could not say, "My Lord, forgive." We met
Again this morn. When, after toiling all

The night in vain attempts to catch some fish,
Discouraged, we returned, a man stood near
The landing. "Cast the net along the right
Side of the ship and ye shall find," He said,
And spake with such assurance that we did
As we were bid, when lo, a multitude
Of fishes filled the net. Excited by
The draught, I struggled with the rest to draw
The net aboard, until John whispered low
To me, "It is the Lord." At that, I sprang
Into the sea and swam ashore. I thought
To speak to Him before the rest arrived;
But Satan still held strong dominion in
My soul (as He had once foretold) and I
Could only talk to him of fish—then help
To pull the net ashore. We dined. My heart
In pent excitement throbbed and burned. The
thought
Of my denial—uppermost within
My mind, I sat with down-cast eyes. I felt
The premonitions of some great event.
The devil still was struggling for my soul,
But with my Lord so near, a confidence
Arose that weakened his attacks. The Lord
Beheld and understood, and in a tone
Most kindly, said to me, "Simon, son
Of Jonas, dost thou love Me more than these?"

And I, who once had boldly said that I
Should never leave Him, looking down, could not
At first reply. I went back to my old
Employment: Did He mean these boats, these nets?
I went back to my former friends: Did He
Mean these? Or did He ask if my own love
For Him was greater than the love of all
The rest for Him? I thought of these and gave
An answer that might cover one or all:
"Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee."
And then He strangely made reply, "Feed
My lambs." Again He asked the question. I
Responded as before. He said, "Feed
My sheep." A third time was the question put
To me. A host of Satan's hordes now seemed
To gather for a final great assault.
An angry flush o'erspread my brow and to
My tongue there leaped impetuous speech. Just then
I looked into His eyes and saw such love
For me—for me, the base denier, for me,
The coward-hearted—that I fell upon
My knees and cried, "My Lord, thou knowest all.
Thou knowest how this stubborn heart of mine
Hath fought against my love for thee; but now
Thou hast prevailed. Thou knowest that I love
Thee more than this weak tongue can tell." While
yet

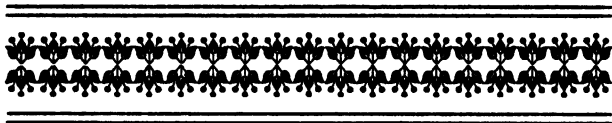
I spake, a thrill of joy unspeakable
Swept through my soul. A flood of light illumed
My mind, and when He said with gentle and
Approving smile, "Feed my sheep," I saw
The future open like a scroll,—I saw
And understood.



Miscellaneous

**“How many things by season
season’d are.”**

SHAKESPEARE



A LEGEND OF LONG AGO

The little old man with a wobbly walk,
A turned-up nose and squeaky talk,
With hands that helped to say each word,—
He told me things I had never heard,
As he sat by the fire a-burning low,
When the cold did bite and the winds did blow,
And I sat there,
In Grandpa's chair,
And watched his eyes so bright and blue,
A-telling me what I tell you.

'Twas ever and ever so long ago,
In a village far away,—
A village with churches and schools, you know,
The same as ours to-day;
Where children were just as happy as we,
And jumped and played and ran,
And loved the flowers and showed their glee,
As only children can.

If some were noisy, and some were bad,
Perhaps they were misunderstood,
And never meant to make one sad:
It's hard to be all the time good.
But little by little unkindly complaint,
Arose from the folks of the town,
At first they were said with a kind of restraint,
But finally voiced with a frown.
The bachelors told of confusion and noise,
And so did old maidens with curls.
The teachers complained of the badness of
boys,
And then of the dullness of girls.
The fathers complained of the mouths to be
fed,
While mothers they scolded and sighed,
And spoke of their children's to-morrows with
dread,
But never with joy or with pride.
Then eventide prayers arose from the town,
And thoughts were unkindly all day,
Till the beautiful angels looked anxiously
down,
In shuddering dread and dismay.

Then the angels wept as angels do,
When things are asked by me and you

That they well know will give us pain
Instead of joy we hope to gain.
And yet so long and loud the cry,
Its earnestness compelled reply,
So as they Heavenward retired,
They gave the answer as desired.
The people saw a brilliant light
That gave them all a sudden fright;
Some said they saw a ball of fire
Mount upward from the church's spire.
Still others said, "The rain-drops fall;"
Although there were no clouds at all.
But we who know the story well
A truthful tale can plainly tell:
The lights arose as angels fled,
The falling drops were tears they shed.
But from that night no baby cry
Announced its coming from the sky.
The town still had some discontent,
For each on work and pleasure bent
Had overlooked the answered prayer,
In which they all had had a share.

At length, in time, the infant class,
Was ready from its room to pass
In Sabbath School. The teacher kind
And motherly in heart and mind.

Was first to read the answered prayer
In vacant places round her there.
She looked a moment at each seat,
She listened to departing feet,
Then overcome by deep distress—
A sorrow keen and comfortless,
She, weeping, took her homeward way,—
No class for her on Sabbath day.

The day school, too, with growing fear,
Saw grades grow small and disappear.
Until at last there was but one,
And when another year had gone,
It graduated. Where before,
The sounds of gladness echoed o'er,
A dismal silence brooded round—
Within the rooms, upon the ground;
Where happy children once had played,
There weeds and nettles harsh invade.
The teachers, their profession gone,
Were into other callings drawn,
And candy shops with penny trade
No longer penny goods displayed.
No ringing laugh in home or street,
No snatch of song or hurried feet
At eventide. For all the town
Was still and bleak as autumn brown.

So twenty years went strangely by,
With now and then a long drawn sigh.
And when the Christmastide drew near—
That happy time of all the year—
There was no tone of gladness heard,
No cheery voice, no joyous word,
No Christmas tree, with fruitage sweet,
No things that children love to eat.
No “Flyer ” sled, no skates, no toys,—
For there were neither girls nor boys.
The boys had grown to man’s estate,
The girls to womanhood sedate.
And every one that prayed that prayer,
Or voiced the thought into the air,
Began to wish in silent ways
The swift return of former days.

At length one nobler than the rest
An invitation kind addressed
Unto a man with children four,
Who lived about a mile or more,
Beyond the bridge whose legend brown,
Proclaimed the limit of the town.
A vine-clad home with gables gray,
Was promised if they came to stay.
They came, as innocent of fear
As prattling babe or petted deer.

Still over all a silence dwelt,
That ill befit the joy they felt.
For when the women thought to go
Upon a walk, with footsteps slow,
They always passed the stranger's door---
A way they never took before.
And if the mother chanced to wait
Upon the porch or at the gate,
With baby crowing in his glee,
Surrounded by the other three,
They'd feast their eyes, then turn away,
And come again another day.
But once a company bolder grew:
The open gateway passing through,
They banished all their studied arts,
And held the baby to their hearts.

That night the little one fell ill.
The doctor used his wisest skill,
And yet before the break of day,
The cherished life had passed away.
And when the village heard the knell,
From many eyes the tear drops fell.
And hearts by sorrow's wounds refined,
From hard and harsh, grew sweet and kind.
In little groups as they conversed
They whispered of the village cursed.

By woman's intuition led,
That mother's heart their secret read.
With grief and future fears distressed,
She laid her little one to rest,
And vowed before another day,
To gather all and haste away.
But scarcely had they home returned,
Before the deadly fever burned
Within the next. And it was such
As came before from poisoned touch.
The father grasped him to his breast,
And called his wife to bring the rest.
He ran; it was a race with Death,—
He thought he heard a gasp for breath;
He listened; spoke with growing fear,
The names that charm the childish ear.
The fevered lips attempt to ope,
But can not whisper words of hope.
With failing strength and breath deep drawn,
And faltering steps, he hastens on.
He nears the bridge,—assurance fond,
His loved one's safety lies beyond.
But just before he reached its side
His little son had gasped and died.

The mother followed, on impelled
By fevered little hands she held;

She did not heed the tired cry,
But murmured, "Hurry," in reply;
They scarce had reached her husband's side,
Beyond the bridge abutments wide,
When Death from stern pursuit withdrew,—
And left her with her children two.

They rested there, and dumb with woe,
Moaned out their grief in murmurs low,
Until the mother's conscious ear
Perceived the villagers draw near
In sympathy. Then she arose,
And shrieked at them who caused her woes,—
Besought, implored with rending cry
To leave them lest the rest should die.
And then unnerved by late alarms,
She fainted in her husband's arms.

'Twas eventide. From steeple tall,
Rang out an invitation. All
Assembled in the place of prayer,
And humble, silent, waited there.
The pastor rose and to his face
A saddened sweetness lent a grace.
He spoke with voice subdued and low,
Of brighter times of long ago.

When children came to bless and cheer,
And fill with happiness the year.
And then he dwelt on present days;
With loving words, in tender ways
He spoke of silent home and street,
He spoke of lack of voices sweet
That once had rung in joy and glee,
And filled all hearts with melody.
He pictured little forms await
To rush to father at the gate.
With tender thought, he softly led,
Their willing footsteps to a bed,
And pictured with a gentle care,
The smiling children sleeping there.
He told again what all knew well—
The sudden grief that late befell
A happy home. He asked them, "Why?"
A smothered sob was their reply.
For eyes that had been dry for years,
Unlocked again their gates of tears.
The pastor waited; then he said,
"The guilt lies heavy on each head
But Heaven can be moved by prayer;
Will you in my petitions share?"
A pause, and then a loud reply,
For every tongue responded "Aye."

Then rose a prayer,—such strength and power
He never felt until that hour.
And they, though silent, joined in thought
In seeking blessings that he sought.
As there they bowed with contrite heart,
They felt their load of guilt depart.
Once more they thought they saw a light
Illume the windows of the night.
Sweet melodies from outward gloom
Came softly floating thro' the room.
The light along the pathway burned,
Of joyful angels, now returned,
Who, quick from Heaven, ere songs were done,
Completed those they had begun.

A year of hopeful waiting. Then
A Christmas morning dawns again.
The Christmas bells ring gayly out,
To tell the story all about
That Christ was born long years ago.
The Christmas carols o'er the snow
Come stealing thro' the wondering air
And leave re-echoed sweetness there.
But louder than the clanging notes
That fell from swaying belfry throats,
And sweeter to the listening ears,
Than any sounds they'd heard for years,

There rose a shout upon that morn,
"The Lord be praised, a child is born!"
Then all the town in eager joy
Rushed forth to see the baby boy.
His father, happy as a king,
Prevailed upon the nurse to bring
The little one, well wrapped and warm,
Quite near the window on her arm.
And as, in answer to their prayer,
The people see him lying there,
A song of joy mounts up to tell
A later message to the bell,
That still is swinging to and fro,
Proclaiming joy to all below.

Oh, what a merry Christmastide
Was celebrated far and wide!
It seemed as if the joy of years,
Without attendant griefs and fears,
Was centred in that happy day,
From early morn till evening gray.
Stern Frowns and Sadness, kings of late,
Were forced by Smiles to abdicate.
And Joy and Gladness reigned again,
"With Peace on earth. Good Will to men."

This happened many years ago;
But some of us can tell, who know,

That neither frown nor unkind word
Against the children has been heard.
The village fathers made decree,
And published it for all to see,
That when a child in town was born,
Be it by night, by noon, or morn,
The bell should tell it far and wide,
As first it did that Christmastide.
And people say as the news floats down,
“God bless the children of our town.”

THE TWO-WINK EXPRESS

You must live, I am told, to be sixty or so,
To go on this fast express.
There's a mellow bell and whistle low,
As it stops at Drowsiness.
There you step aboard and you move away
'Round the curve of Care-set-free.
Then you cross the bridge of Another-day
To the land of Used-to-be.

Oh, the mountains are blue and the valleys are
green,
And the flowers are purest gold;
And the leaves are tipped with diamonds, I ween,
And nothing in life grows old.
For now we stop at the station, Youth,
And we greet all the folks we know,
And the dreams we dreamed we forget are truth
As we live in the Long-ago.

The schoolhouse stands in the same old place,
We cross the knife-carved stile.
At every desk a familiar face
Looks up with a welcoming smile.

No work, no worry—just fun and noise,
No teacher stern is here;
And roguish girls and jolly boys
Have never a care or a fear.

The old home hides in its bower of trees,
The old gate opens wide,
The old dog barks till he plainly sees
A loved one by his side,
And Mother and Father and all the rest,
Are just as they used to be;
And a head is pressed to a throbbing breast,
And a light heart leaps in glee.

There's a mellow bell and a whistle low,
And our train comes a-rushing by;
And we're drawn on board before we know,
In the twinkling of an eye.
'Tis the through express to Old-Age-Land,—
There's a sound of a tight'ning brake,
And the trainman calls in a loud command,
"All out for Wide-awake."

TWO PICTURES: WHICH HAVE YOU
PAINTED ?¹⁵

A gray-haired woman with vacant eyes,
And features pale and thin,
A shrunken form that breathes in sighs,—
A heart of lead within,—
Sits all alone with a crust of bread,
In a corner where none can see,
And murmurs in tones from which hope has fled,
“He’s not what he used to be.”

There’s a gray hair here and a gray hair there,
There’s a line or two on her face ;
But her eye is bright and her cheek is fair,
And her walk has a youthful grace.
The music of life is a long sweet chord,
Her smile is a pleasure to see,
As she whispers low, “I thank Thee, Lord
He’s all I could wish him to be.”

WHEN A FELLOW HAS A MOTHER OF HIS OWN

It's a pleasing little favor when a fellow's friend
will say,
"My mother will be glad to have you call around
some day.
She's sorry that you're far from home and hopes
you'll stay for meals.
She seems to know, that mother mine, how lone
a body feels
When almost every face is strange and hearts are
strange, as well,
To little deeds you used to know, back where you
used to dwell.
She'll cook the things you like to eat, the way
you like them best.
You'll be her boy the time you're there and not
a formal guest."
It's kind. You go—enjoy the day—have every
favor shown,
But, oh, it's not like having a mother of your
own.

For mother's cooking has a taste that calls for
praise profuse.

Things have a special flavor that no one can re-
produce.

Her smile means more than kindest words said in
the kindest key.

Her presence makes a place "a home" wherever
she may be.

The heartless world may smile and sneer at each
bright hope o'erthrown—

But you've still a bit of heaven,—with a mother of
your own.

To those of us who chance to have a mother with us
now :

Let's do the very best we can to smooth her wrinkled
brow.

Let's keep in mind that no one else that ever can be
known,

Can understand and love us, like that mother of our
own.

TRUE LOVE IS YOUNG

True love is young,
And hand in hand as gloaming stays,
They sit and dream of future days.
They dream, and are content to know
That, side by side, they catch the glow
Of lovelit eyes, and feel a calm
As grandly sweet as heavenly psalm.
The world to some is dark and sad;
To them 'tis filled with music glad;
So long as heart to heart is nigh,
There is no grief, there is no sigh,
When love is young.

The years roll by,
And hand in hand as gloaming stays
They sit and dream of other days.
The world sometimes was dark and sad,
But still they heard some music glad;
And after storms, the evening skies
Are bright with hope that prophesies

A calm and peaceful night of rest,
A morn in sparkling splendor dressed.
Still hand in hand they take their way
Through flowers—forever and a day,
With love still young.

THE POPPY AND THE ROSE¹⁶

“Oblivion I to mortals give,”
Said the Poppy bloom to the Rose.
“And I give love,” the Rose replied,
“The sweetest thing man knows.”
The Poppy smiled. “We’re one, I see;
For are they not the same?” said he.

PARTING

A rounded moon within a jewelled sky,
A fountain dreaming in a rosy bower;
Some truant music from a casement nigh,
Whose sweetness sanctified the place and hour.

There, hand in hand, they stood that summer night,
With eager eyes that told their trembling fears;
While jealous Earth, in silence, crept from sight,
And Heaven came and kissed away their tears.

TRULY GREAT

Through all the crystal windows of his soul,
A flood of varied lights forever roll,
Except the baleful green of vengeful hate;
Men call him great.

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JOHN WATERMAN'S GRAVE.

CAPT. JOHN WATERMAN'S GRAVE,
VALLEY FORGE¹⁷

By rudely chiseled river stone
 I know that thou art resting here.
Thy grave, with grasses overgrown,
 (Grim hostage of that dreadful year)
Remains alone to mark a spot
Too soon forgot.

The farmer plows and sows and reaps
 Around thy narrow earthly home,
All heedless of the host that sleeps
 Beneath the canopy of loam
Around this sacred, hallowed spot,
Too soon forgot.

A captain thou, and well I know
 Thou hadst a kindly, thoughtful heart;
For 'midst their hunger, cold and woe,
 I see thy men, as teardrops start,
Engrave thy name upon this stone,
So sad and lone.

Perhaps as thou wert lowered here,
Our Washington stood sadly by ;
Perhaps there stole a startled tear,
From out his grief-reluctant eye.
That tear alone would grace this spot,
So soon forgot.

O Mighty Nation, how can'st thou,
Of this, thy son, so thoughtless be?
No granite can too rich endow
A place so dear to Liberty.
I tread with holy awe this spot;
Hast thou forgot?

A MAN'S TRUE MEASURE

It is not his loud professions from the pulpit or the
pew,

And not his seeming kindly acts when in the public
view—

'Tis by his evening fireside he stands before the
screen,

And there the imp or angel, the churl or king, is
seen.

The world may smile and call him great and greet
him with a cheer,

But if, when day has ended and eventide draws
near,

His wife grows heavy hearted, and his children
pale with fright,

His soul is ugly, black and mean—an inch or so
in height.

He may be known to very few, but those who know
him best

Await his coming footsteps^{*} as the sun sinks down
to rest.

There are faces at the window, looking up the
lonely street,
Then a scramble for the doorway and a rush of
eager feet.
The eldest takes his dinner-box, the next one takes
his hand,
And the youngest, on his shoulder, rides along in
triumph grand.
The good wife leaves the kitchen to see the merry
throng,
With a smile upon her features and within her
heart a song.
In the world of men and letters, he may be of
pigmy height,
But he towers to the heavens, when we measure him
aright.

TOTIN' THE HOD ²⁴

When I near some houses building,
 With all sorts of stuff around,—
Lime and sand, and bricks and lumber,
 Dumped upon the uneven ground;
When I see the bed of mortar,
 With a pile all tempered right,
When I watch the man that's tending,
 As he works with all his might,—
Fills the hod to overflowing,
 Stoops and shoulders it, and then
Mounts the steps or climbs the ladder,
 To supply the workingmen,
I don't think of town improvements,
 Nor of scanty, well-earned pelf,
But there comes a kindly feeling,—
 For I've "toted" some myself.

Once again I hear the clinking
 Of the trowel on the wall.
Once again I see the sunshine
 On the blinding whiteness fall

Of the lime within the slush-box,—
 Watch it crack and hear it boil;
From its rattling detonations
 I can feel myself recoil.
But all these, I pass them over.
 As I watch him with his hoe,
See him load his empty hod up,
 Then into the building go,
But it 's not of town improvements,
 Nor of scanty, well-earned pelf,
It 's of former days I'm thinking,
 When I "toted" some myself.

And I think, as I am looking,
 If I'd never helped to do
Work that strained and stretched each
 muscle,—
 Gave me soreness through and through,—
I had never felt this feeling,
 Kindly, thoughtful, for the man,
Who with hod and hoe and shovel,
 Travels in improvement's van.
So you must not count me foolish,
 And perhaps a trifle odd,
If I stop and hold some converse
 With the man beneath the hod.

For you'd have a kindly feeling,
Far removed from paltry pelf,
Far removed from town improvements,
If you'd "toted" some yourself.

THE WORKER WHO WAITS

The worker who, in silence—mayhap tears—
Toils on undaunted toward desired ends,
And is content to wait through weary years,
Unknown, unpraised, misunderstood by friends,
May, some day, leave the land of sad exile,
With that in hand which earth exults to see,
While watchful Fame looks down with kindly smile,
And sweetly calls, "Come up and dwell with
me."

PUBLIC CONSCIENCE

Chafing in chains I voiceless stand,
While haughty wrong is crowned a king;
I hear the groanings of the land,
Instead of songs it used to sing.

But life and hope remain with me,
For patriot hearts as true as steel
Toil on in tears till I am free
To reign again with righteous zeal.

As link by link my fetters fall,
I see the tear-stained eyes rejoice,
I see them waiting for the call
When lips, long mute, have found a voice.

I speak—the throned monarch smiles;
I shout—he trembles on his throne;
My legions come in captained files,
With clang of steel and bugles blown.

I lead them 'gainst their faltering foes,
I cheer them in the bloody fight,
With every stroke their power grows,
Till weakness has developed might.

I see the hosts of evil fly,
 Their faces blanched with deadly fear,
Then far above a feeble cry,
 There sounds the loud, victorious cheer.

* * * * * * *

The battle and the tumult's o'er,
 The marching and the shouting cease;
I reign again, and after war,
 There comes the blessedness of peace

THE SECOND DAY OUT¹⁸

'Twas the second day out, and a dark leaden sky,
Looked down on a sea that was billowing high.
The crests rose in anger and feathered to spray,
Then curled into foam over valleys of gray.
There were squalls from the west, preceded by
waves

That threatened to toss us to watery graves.
Our vessel went on like a swimmer of might,
With a swerve now and then to the left or the
right.
She dipped her proud head into waves with great
glee,
And smiled her defiance at storm and at sea.

But while our good ship was porpoising about,
The steamer-chair neighbors began to thin out.
Their lips became blue and their faces turned
pale,—
All heedless and careless they broke for the rail,
Without even saying, "Excuse me," before
They jumped up and ran,—and wished for the
shore.

The steamer plowed on, it went high; it went low,
With never a care for the passenger's woe.
When the screw turned in air, it shook in each
breast,

Ev'ry tensely drawn cord heretofore at a rest.
The look on the faces: "Whatever may hap,
I'll not make a move, for I don't care a rap."
No bouillon, no luncheon, no dinner—just rest;
So tired of life it could not be expressed,—
So weary of living, that death were a boon
They'd welcome with smiles if he'd only come soon.
At night they crawled into their berths in their
clothes,
In a minute or two they were off in a doze.

The morning broke clear, and smooth was the sea,
And faces were bright, as bright as could be.
And life it was sweet.—"Say, how many miles?"
"Four hundred and fifty!" And every one smiles.

THE TRAIN WE WAIT FOR

The trains may come, the trains may go
And bells may ring and whistles blow—
We watch and wait, till we observe
A train approaching 'round the curve
And hear its name. Then trembling stand,
To watch for face or waving hand.
An anxious look from car to car,—
From steps nearby to steps afar.
Two laughing eyes—a sudden start,
That almost stops the throbbing heart.
A cry subdued, a quick embrace,
Oblivion of time and place.

Once more the trains may come and go,
And bells may ring and whistles blow;
But what care we for these things when
Our loved one 's safe with us again.

**SLEEP, OUR COUNTRY'S HEROES,
SLEEP**

Sleep, our country's heroes, sleep,—
Aged untimely by privation;
Kindly Heaven, watchful keep
Over them and our loved nation.
Stoop and take them in Thine arms,
Shield them both from war's alarms.

Brood, thou gentle spirit, o'er
All this host, secure encamping.
Stay the dreams of guns and gore,
Bugle calls and horses' champing,
And from out thy treas'ry deep.
Give to all refreshing sleep.

Give the rest for which they fought,
Comfort, health, and home foregoing.
Give repose, so dearly bought,—
Free on us the gift bestowing.
Kindly Heaven, watchful keep,
While their eyes are closed in sleep.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK¹¹

I haven't much faith in the man who complains
Of the work he has chosen to do.
He's lazy, or else he's deficient in brains,
And, maybe, a hypocrite, too.
He's likely to cheat and he's likely to rob;
Away with the man who finds fault with his job.

But give me the man with the sun in his face,
And the shadows all dancing behind;
Who can meet his reverses with calmness and grace,
And never forgets to be kind;
For whether he's wielding a scepter or swab,
I have faith in the man who's in love with his job.

TAKE HEART AGAIN

Take heart again, O Brother mine, take heart!
I know the bitter ebb of life's unresting tide,
Hath broke by night thy anchor chains, so true
 and tried,
And tossed thee, oh, so helpless, on the ocean wide.
Stand by the wheel, select a guiding star,
Steer back again before you drift too far.

Take heart again, O Brother mine, take heart!
Perchance the currents strong have swept thee far,
 and night
Is black; though boist'rous waves thy very soul
 affright,
Do not give up. Steer toward the crests,—the
 morning light
Will burst in splendor on the angry wave.
Thy nobler self within thee says, "Be brave."

Take heart again, O Brother mine, take heart!
Remember there is One whose plans are good and
 just,

And in some way, we know not how, they surely
must
Work good to all of those who keep unfaltering
trust.
Look up, and see the threat'ning storm clouds
part,
Take heart again, O Brother mine, take heart!

SLEEP, NOW SLEEP

Stars shine brightly in the west,
Put your tired playthings by;
Come and lean on mother's breast,
While she sings a lullaby.
Sleep now sleep, sleep now sleep;
Drift away peacefully over the deep.

Moonbeams thro' the curtains peep;
Nodding roses sway and swing;
Close your weary eyes in sleep,—
You shall hear the angels sing.
Sleep now sleep, sleep now sleep;
Baby is drifting far over the deep.

Softly comes the darkness on;
Shadows fall on baby's eyes.
Moonbeams from the casement gone,—
Stars alone are in the skies.
Sleep now sleep, sleep now sleep;
Baby has drifted far over the deep.

GOOD NIGHT: SLEEP TIGHT

The sandman was busy as busy could be;

His merry eyes twinkled

As handfuls he sprinkled

Right into the eyes that were wanting to see.

And mamma was watching the nodding wee head,

And saw it was time to put some one to bed.

But some one tried hard to keep open his eyes;

In a make-believe way he looked up in surprise

That mamma should wish him in bed "early soon,"

And keep on a-humming that sleepy old tune;

For he was not sleepy the least little bit,

And saw ev'ry stitch that his mamma had knit.

But mamma prevailed, and, the evening prayer
said,

A white little figure jumped into the bed,—

A kiss as that some one is tucked in as snug

And as warm and as tight as "a bug in a rug."

Then mamma looks back as she takes out the light,

And smilingly calls as he fades from her sight,

"Good night, sleep tight."

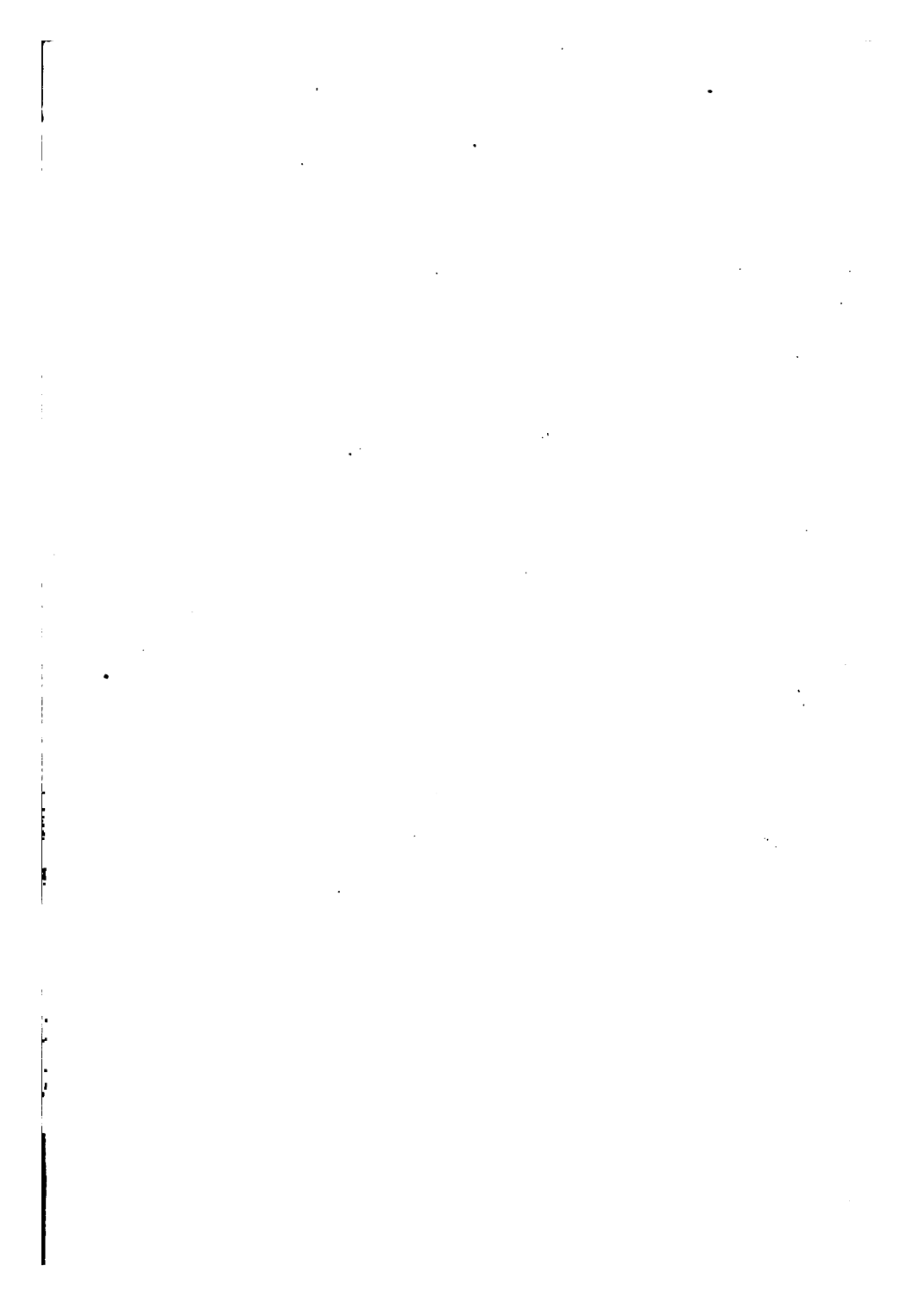
But never a word from his kingship supreme,

He's off to the "Over-there" land in his dream.

At Millersville

"I cannot go;—I pause;—I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate."

LONGFELLOW, in *Morituri Salutamus*





"BACK TO MILLERSVILLE."



BACK TO MILLERSVILLE¹⁹

I like to go back in a twilight dream,
To the days of the long ago;
Before my bald head was the small joker's theme,
Or yours was besprinkled with snow.
The time when we came to the Millersville gate,
With a look that we speak of as "green";
With notions of things that were not up-to-date,
And minds that were hungry and lean.

I like to think back o'er the changes that came,
In clothing, in manners, in talk,
Till we wrote on our papers our full middle name,
And took on a Millersville walk.
There were ways to be learned in the class rooms
and halls,
When our thoughts soared above the mere grind,
There were ways to be learned in the 'lectioneer
brawls,
And ways where we met when we dined.

Our opposite? She was as fair as the dawn;
Or, may be, was homely and grum.
If the first, 'twas our hope that we'd never move on.
If the second,—well, changes might come.
Oh, the sheep's-eyes we threw—seldom caught in
the act,—
As our time in the Normal increased.
'Twas easy to gather—I state but a fact—
A bushel or two, at the least.

When Millie would go for a walk down the pike,
It was certain that John would go, too.
When they met (You may think otherwise if you
like)
They merely said, “How do you do?”
When Anna Lenore, for her health, we shall say,
Meandered down shady Shenk's lane,
She'd find at the turn, to her utter dismay,
Charles Augustus,—I need not explain.

It may be that Millie and John are now one.
If so, I would wager you much,
They're as happy as any kings under the sun—
For Millersville matches are such.
If Lenore and Augustus were sweet for a time,
(Affected by weather in June),
Perhaps, like the measures of this little rhyme,
They just sorta dropped out of tune.

There was fun, we'll admit, there was studying,
too,

But I'm glad that my memory to-night,
Holds nothing of days that were dreary and blue,—

Only days that were joyful and bright.
I'm glad of the brotherhood love that unites,
All our hearts in a fellowship true;
That leaves to the past the society fights,
That were waged 'neath the crimson and blue.

A sigh often comes and a tear often falls,

For those whom we knew long ago,
Whose footsteps will never be heard in the halls,
Nor down in the Chapel below.

Let us leave to the past both the tear and the sigh,

Let us smile as our journey we tread;
There'll be joy in the heart, there'll be light in the
eye,

There'll be laughter and songs on ahead.

SNAPPING DOWN SHENK'S LANE²⁰

On summer days when evening sun
Was shining warm and fair,
And boys and girls, so full of fun,
Were walking out for air,
'Twas queer how gravitation drew
On horizontal plane,—
They turned the corner ere they knew
And sauntered down Shenk's lane.

They never planned the meetings, yet
'Twas always strange, I know,
That certain lads and lasses met,
And walked together slow.
'Twas always just below the turn,
That these conversed with those,
For there 'twas handy to adjourn
If any danger rose;

For, posted on the corner fence,
From which he viewed the way,
With an untold benevolence,
And whistle loud and gay,



"DOWN SHENK'S LANE."

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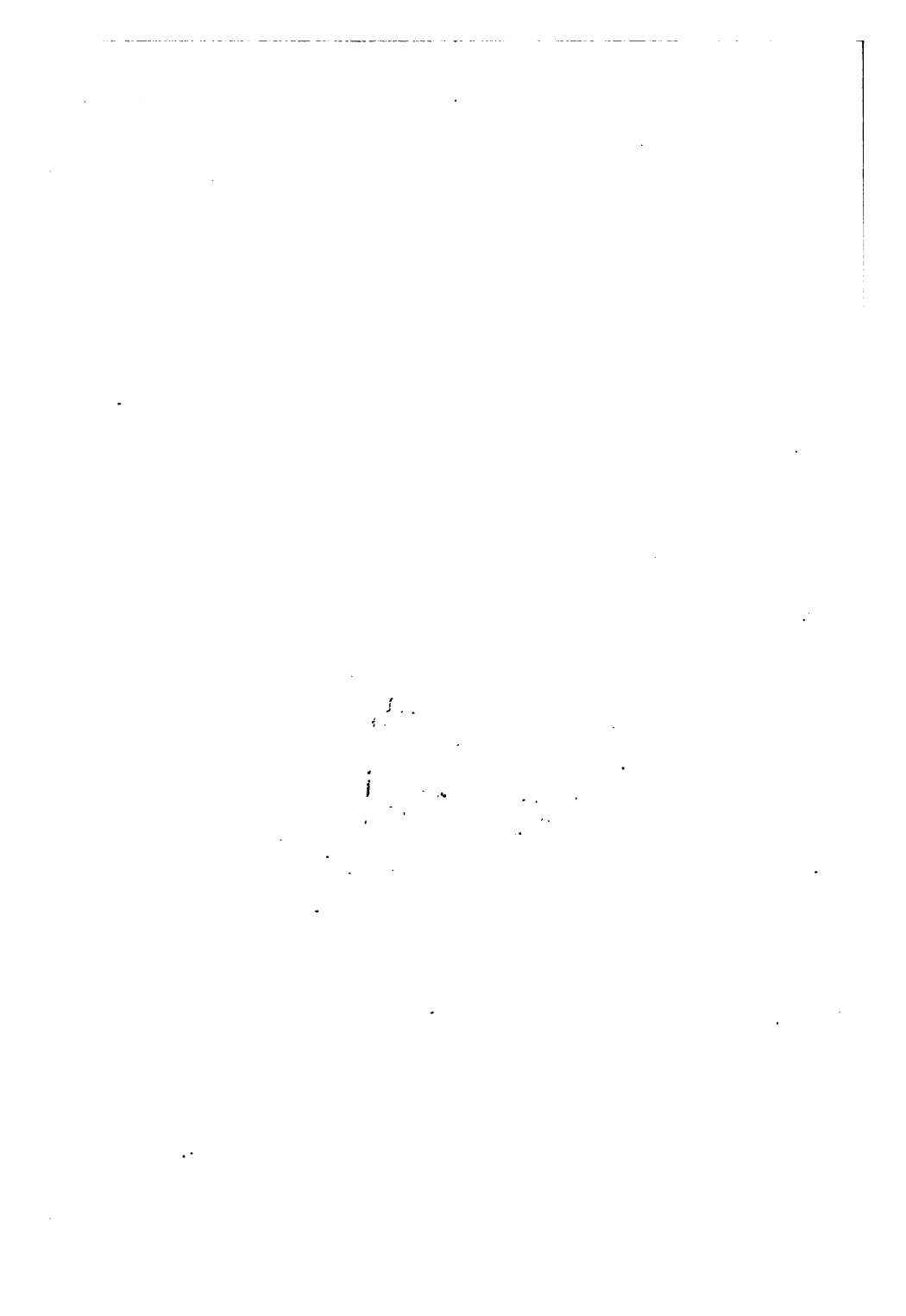
There sat a friend, who by a vote,
Was drilled upon the matter,
That when he gave a certain note
They knew 'twas time to scatter.

They talked of lessons to be learned,
Of funny things they'd heard,
And then of teachers, grave and stern,
Who spoke no needless word.
The innocence of youth was there,
Which felt a little treat,
In short escape from watchful care,
This made the talks more sweet.

Perhaps they talked of other things,
Of friends at home so kind,
Perhaps that little boy with wings,
Was standing close behind.
Perhaps they dreamed of days like those,
When youth and spring were near,
And quite forgot that they had foes,
Till whistle sounded clear.

They tell me that they meet no more,
Down by that old dead tree,
But all the campus wide explore,
Where every eye can see.

This may be proper, may be sweet,
But we would still maintain,
That Normal days were more complete,
With " Snapping " down Shenk's lane.





ANDY'S.

OVER TO ANDY'S

When we wanted the friendship of birds and of
 bees,
Of talkative water and whispering trees,
We would take the long walk to the Slackwater
 mill
On a road over-shaded in vale and on hill.

When we wanted the friendship of one who we knew
Would greet us with smiles as we came into view,
On the campus we'd sit and build castles in Spain,
Then saunter serenely down shady Shenk's lane.

But when, in the summer, the whole place was hot
With shimmering heat, and breeze there was not,
We knew of a place both inviting and cool—
And that place was Andy's—across from the school.

For Andy kept ice cream compounded with skill;
On the hottest of days it would give us a chill;
And back by the pump-house was always a breeze
That aided the cream in its efforts to freeze.

In winter 'twas oysters whose excellence drew—
Had 'em raw, had 'em fried, or made into a stew.
There was candy a-plenty, and pretzels and cake
In cocoanut layers like home people make.

Ah, over to Andy's! I wish I'd the power
To call back old times for the space of an hour.
I'd people the school with my friends young and
gay,

When greetings were o'er I'd enticingly say:

“Let's go over to Andy's.”

FASTIDIOUS STYLE²¹

I am starving, slowly starving,
 In a place where food abounds,—
Starving while the smell of viands,
 All my head and face surrounds:
Villainous, depraved and vile,
Is this false, fastidious style.

First a butter-dish is started,
 Started on an endless round;
Here and there that butter passes,
 None to keep it can be found,—
Oh, I wish I were a mile
From this false, fastidious style.

Then the meat, its journey starting,
 Takes the butter's route of yore,—
Hand to hand it passes bravely,
 Till the arms and wrists grow sore;
And I give a bitter smile,
On this false, fastidious style.

Then the bread,—the staff of living,—
Oh, my heart is grieved full sore,
None will dare to take a section,
Round it goes like things before.
Would I were on Crusoe's isle,
To escape fastidious style.

Corn and beans are left unhanded;
Custard pie, that grand compound,
Never taste we, for the others,
Still are going round and round.
Hunger I can't reconcile,
With this false, fastidious style.

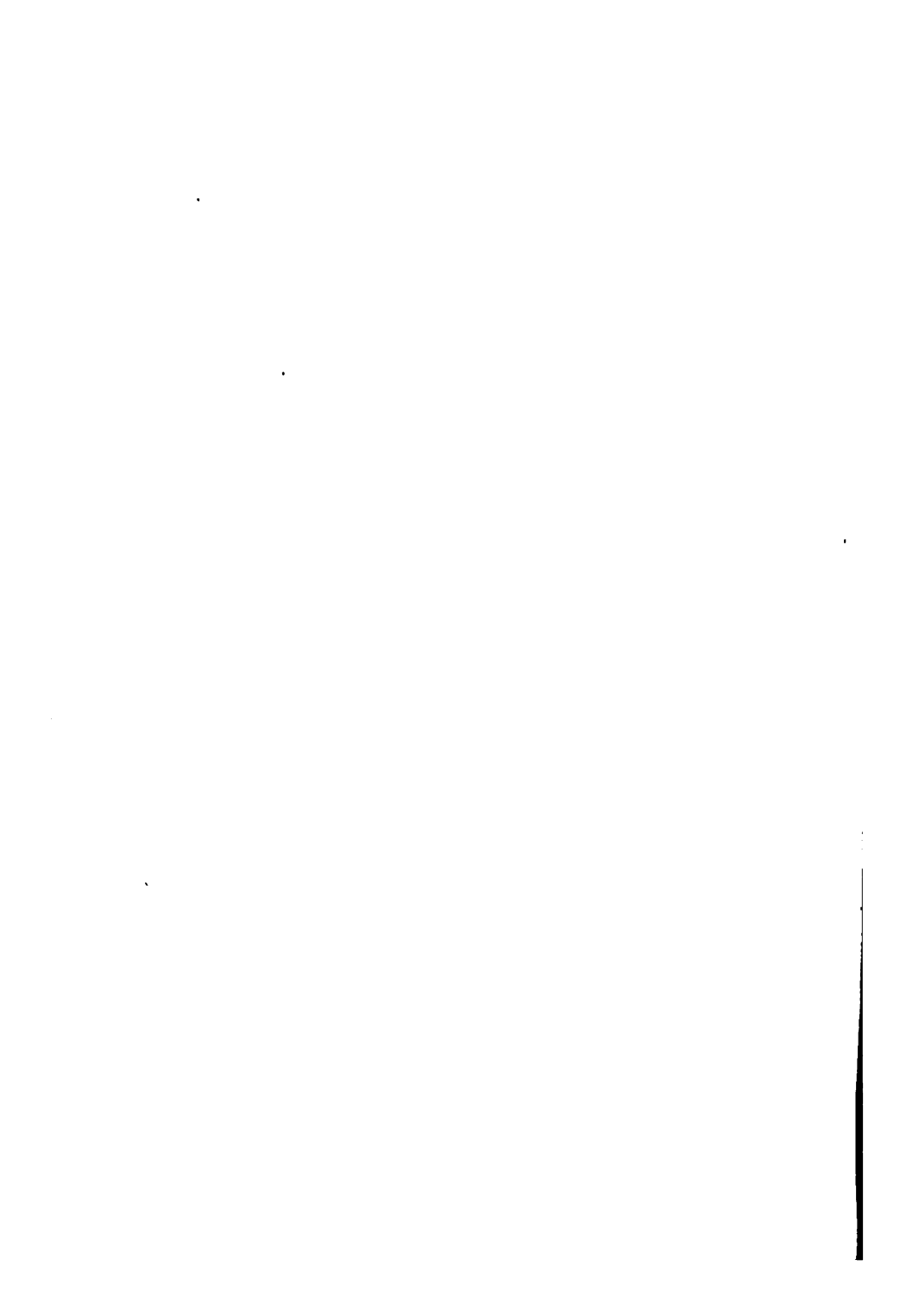
While the things are going, going,
Suddenly I hear the bell;
Every time its tingle echoes,
It rings forth my funeral knell.
I'll be with you but a while,
O thou false fastidious style!

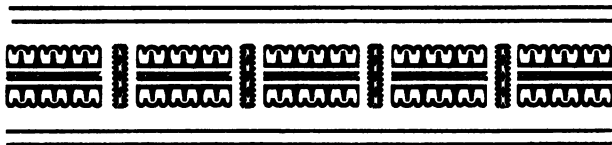
I am dying, slowly dying,
In my ear the death bells sound.
In my eye I see the butter,
Still 'tis going round and round.
But no longer I'll revile,
Fare thee well—fastidious style.

On the farm

**“When the frost is on the punkin
And the fodder’s in the shock.”**

RILEY





SNOAD UP²²

Wen I got up at haff pas five
This mornin, wy hello,
As shure as you an mes alive,
I fown a 10-inch sno.

That uther sno was 12-inch deep,
An miles an miles as wide;
Its funny how, wen yure asleep,
Sutch things go on outside.

As cold as moonlite was the house,
The kitchen fire was low.
Twas cold anuf to freeze a mouse,
An make isickels grow.

[P. S. I thawt of puttin in "blazes" insted of "moonlite." Its comen with me but I was afrade it woodent look rite in print.]

Ole Jack the dog an Dan the cat,
Wer offel glad I cum.
An Jack he jumpt an barkt, then sat
An wigglewaggled sum.

An Dan, he started in, "meyout,"
An looks rite up an begs;
Then with his back an tale strate out,
He rubbed along me legs.

The wood was on the woodpile out,
Rite neer the barnyard gate.
O how I wisht Ide thawt about,
An had sum fur the grate.

The sno was bankt agin the dore,
About a yardstick hy.
Sum sno is wet, but wat is more,
This sno was verry dry.

Out to the wood I made a track,
An thare before I leeve,
The sno had drifted down me back,
An also up me sleeve.

But by-en-by the fires bilt,
An it begins to rore,
Fur on the wood, a jill I spilt,
Of oil got at the store.

I bundeled up as I saw fit,
With hy boots on to wade.
I kleeered arown the porch a bit,
Then fur the pumpbed made.

Sune our ole pig begun to grunt,
Wen he herd me about,
An over top the bord in frunt,
He stuck his circlar snout.

I got him severl eers of corn,
Fur slop was froze up tite;
An wat he got to eet that morn,
He got fur nune an nite.

The chickens gabbeled on thare purch,
An biddy he did cro,
As if to say, yude better surch,
Fur us among the sno.

I swep away a place belo,
An throde the corn tharein;
Thay et with wun foot held up so,
An went to roost agin.

I herd a moo frum our ole cow,
As barnwerd I made way;
A winny as I climd the mow,
To thro them down sum hay.

With big barn shubbel in I ran,
An fown the breckfast reddy,
With buckweet cakes apone the pan,
An fire a burnin stedly.

An Pap he red the Bible then,
We all got down to pray;
He sez the week goes better wen
We starts if off that way.

We thawt as dinner drawed apace,
The sno wood quit a fallin;
But sted of that jist evry place
Was fillin most appallin.

An Sis she cried to go to school,
An wen she took it hard,
Pap sed, "I woodent let our mool,
Go wun step frum the yard."

An it got werse an werse an werst,
The sno it fell in clowds,
Til things you saw quite cleer at ferst,
Was drest in graveyard shrowds.

Pap sed, "Them chickens cold as sin,
Weel take em frum the pen,
An let em run the entry in,—
Ole bid en evry hen."

We sallied forth like nites of old,
A cassel wite to take;
The wind an sno was bitin cold,
An made me fingers ake.

Fur rite afore the verry dore,
Thare was a driff blode up;
Pap sed, "If this keeps gitting more,
Weel be teetotly snoad up."

I shubbeld out a narrer walk,
Wile wind an sno was hummin,
You orter herd them chickens tawk
Wen thay herd me a cummin.

I shubbeld to the entry dore,
While Pap he cawt them chickens;
He was so mad he neerly swore,
But all I herd was, "Dickens."

Fur wun ole hen with gift of gab,
Got skared up quite a bit;
An as her legs Pap tride to grab,
She in a sno driff lit.

An wile he carried all the rest,
That hen to cetch I tride;
I chased her east, I chased her west,
An throo the barnyard wide.

Sheed flop along,—she coodent wawk,
Then stan on wings an brest;
An as Ide reech sheed flop an squawk,
Then take anuther rest.

Up even shoulders hy I wade,
With blinding sno about;
Til I was warm an cold an jade,
An purty neer plade out.

But jist as I was haff a reck,
An purty full of fite,
I ketcht that ole hen by the neck,
An held on good an tite.

An wen I dropt that ole hen in,
An started to abews it,
Pap sollem sed that “darn” was sin,
An tole me not to use it.

The rode that I had shubbeld out,
Was fillin up rite sune,
The pig was holdin up his snout,
Fur it was neerly nune.

Wen Pap lookt in an seen the pen,
Was neerly full an fillin,
I thawt, “Thare’ll be a time agen,
If that thare pigs not willin.”

But feelin duty tord my Pap,
Yet with a little sy,
I give me skarf a nuther rap,
An made them sno drifts fly.

I made a narrer little track,
All uthers fild with sno,
So to the barn without a whack,
He gently down cood go.

We thawt he was a thawtful pig,
We no him better now;
Ide ruther move a haystack big,
Er milk a kickin cow.

Fur ferst of all he woodent see
The open slidin dore;
An this I think that yule agree
Was quite anuf an more.

But gittin out he sune appeers
To seek wat he can find;
To help him on I puld his eers,
Pap pusht at him behind.

But then his pointy toze he propt,
An pawd rite back, an then
Wen Pap by chants had slipt an dropt,
That pig backt in the pen.

Now Pap fur pashents takes the wreeth,
Ive seldom seen it fale;
He gently wispered throo his teeth
Fur me to take the tale.

We got him backwerds throo the dore,
Before that pig he node it,
I seen Paps ey was full of gore,
I hoped hede not unlode it.

Jist wen that pig was slid with eese,
As watter down a medder,
He put his hed between Paps nees,
An Pap he took a hedder,

Rite over that thare ole pigs back,
An broke my tale end grip,
An wile Pap wallered in the track,
He give us both the slip.

Now menny Paps wood up an sware,
But "Dang that pig," sed he,
As out of breth he rose frum thare
An dident look at me.

Then sed, "My son weel try agen,
I no a nuther plan,
Well git that pig frum out that pen
Er I am not a man."

So in we crawld, that ole pig cawt,
An turned him on his back;
With pull an pushin (happy thawt),
We slid him down the track.

That pig he squeeld an kickt as if,
This noo trick he wood larn;
But fore he noo, throo path an driff
He landed in the barn.

An then I give a harty laff,
An Pap he laft sum too;
But his was only jist a haff
Of wat he tride to do.

An still it blode and snoad and blode,
Fur shelter we was glad;
It leveled up both lane an rode,
An feelds was jist as bad.

We had fur dinner ham well dun,
An taters roasted brown;
Of cole we have about a tun,
An uther things frum town.

We only had our stock to feed,
An keep our fires goin,
An Pap he'd nod an Sis she'd reed,
An mother did her sowin.

An me, well I et nuts a wile,
An popt sum corn fur all,
An watcht the sno gro pile on pile,
An cuver fences tall.

An wen the lamp had shed its rays,
In circels rown our table,
I rote this peece fur uther days,
As good as I was able.

BILIN APPELBUTTER²³

Well, weeve went an dun it. I meen weeve biled
appelbutter. An sutch a time as we had. Pap says
the wurst part of bilin appelbutter is the gittin
reddy an mother says its the bilin thats the wurst.
As I occupide a kind of haff way distance atween
the too Ive cum to think theres sum work an sum
fun in 'em both. In this here pome Ime goin to
tell the hole storey.

CHAPTER I.

IN WITCH WE PICK UP THE APPELS.

The appels in our orchard are
Quite plentyful this year.
We have enuf to fil a car
An so they aint so deer.

There aint no use, sed Pap to Mam,
Of seein them a spilin,
If you are reddy, so I am,
To have a butter bilin.

An Mam she greed, she always will,
Wen cums to puttin up,
Fur everything she wants to fil,
Frum crock way down to cup.

So she gits me to go across
An borro kittels two,
I hitcht our waggen to our hoss,
An out the lane I floo.

The kittels held a barl apeece,
I got myself all black,
Mam lafft, I thawt she woodent seece,
Wen I cum trottin back.

An then Pap sed, lets go an pick
The appels on the grownd,
Sum places they is verry thick,
An sum will way a pownd.

We have a good sized orchard here,
Of appels menny kinds,
An sum is cheep an sum is deer,
This everyboddy finds.

Thares *rambo* and thares *romanite*,
Thares *smokehouses*, oh, my ;
Thares *lady blush*, cum take a bite,
An also *nothern spy*.

Thares *bellflowr* of golden hew,
 Sheep noze an *peenuck* thare,
An we have *grindstone* appels too,
 Ones better then a pare.

Ben davis stans along the hedge,
 With *winesap* neer at hand,
Wile *russets* puts yer teeth on edge
 An *pippins* taste jist grand.

The *ciders* lims is loded down,
 As ever thay can be;
While appels that will way a pownd,
 Is on a nuther tree.

An so we pick an pick an pick,
 Until our backs is sore,
An still thay lay thare purty thick,
 Wen we dont want no more.

The best ones we pick out to snitz,
 The uthers make a lode,
Upon a barl my Pap he sitz,
 Wile I drive out the rode.

I didnt see a grade big stone,
 The weel it struck it fare,
An purty soon I was alone,
 Fur Pap was in the air.

He lited fare upon his feet,
The barl it rold away,
An wat he sed I wont repeat,
Until sum uther day.

I rold the barl way up the hill,
While Pap solily quizes,
An oh, it was a bitter pill,
As all of you surmizes.



CHAPTER II.

IN WITCH THE CIDER GITS MADE.

It was sum time before heed see,
I wasent much to blame,
He set to high as youll agree;
He still is sumwat lame.

An this I lern ware air I go,
Its wurse to clime then crawl,
Fur if you stay down purty low,
You aint got fur to fall.

[I red this to Sis an she says it aint all trew fur she
crawld into the sistern wunst already an neer drownedd her-
self. But I tole her it was trew fur everything but sisterns
an wells.]

Wen he recovered from the jar,
He sed it was a pity,—
Controllin angers grater far
Then takin of a city.

Hees always sorry fur mistakes,
An sends along regrets.
Fur things hees sed his hart still akes,
An all his being frets.

We go right on, the waggen shakes,
In goin up a hill.
If that ole endgate up an brakes,
O, wont thare be a spill!

But nuthin more excitin came
To get us in a mess;
An purty soon Pap did exclame,
I see the cider press.

We grownd the appels, prest em out,
An then we barld it up.
An as it ran right down the spout,
We drunk sum from a cup.

I never drink it wen its hard,
As folks I no of do.
I do not want my boddy marred
By alkohall, do you?

We bring it home, put it on rales,
An with sum sticks we shore it,
That we can draw it off in pales,
An in the kittels pore it.

Then Pap an me, we fix too posts,
An put a rale across.
An Pap who very seldom boasts,
Sez, that will hold a hoss.

We hang the kittels on the rale,
With hooks of that odd sort
Thats bilt upon a slidin skale,—
You make em long er short.

An then we pile a cord of wood,
Quite neer enuf to reech.
We made things handy as we cood,
It spares a lot of speech.

The outside work was neerly dun,
Fur we worked hard an harty.
The peel macheen I sed Ide run,
If Mam got up a party.

We ast the nabors to drop in,—
The wimmen, girls an men,
An sum was stout an sum was thin,
In number we was ten.

CHAPTER III.

IN WITCH THE SNITZEN PARTY IS TOLD OF

I dare not menshun enny names,
Er even how thay look.
I can not tell the tawk an games—
Thay all wood fill a book.

I fassened that ole peelin thing
Upon a bench with screws.
The peelins roled off like a string,
As fast as they cood use.

An all of them thay set arownd,
An snitzed them into fors,
An cut out all the rot thay fownd,
An likewise all the cors.

Pap browt a lot of cider in,
An pord it out in glasses;
You awt to seen the folks all grin
As one to eech he passes.

An Mam got out sum ginger cake,
The best of all its kind.
The wooman that can beet her bake,
Is purty hard to find.

A nabor girl is jist my age,
Shes smart as smart can be,
An, "Phillipeenas all the rage,"
Was wat she sed to me.

She et with me, I et with her,
With arms together linkt;
To this Ide ruther not refer,
Fur all my face was pinkt.

But she dont change the smallest bit,
Her cheek is always red;
An I got purty neer to it,
A-eetin ginger bred.

An all this wile our Pap he tole,
About our trip that day,
An how he off the waggen rold,
An wat he didnt say.

An wen he told how he had lit,
An knockt him out of breth,
I thawt thayde have a rollin fit,
An laff themselves to deth.

An stories floo both thick an fast,
The nabors tole sum too,
About the times that now was past,
An things thay ust to do.

An Mother tole a story then
About a cow thay had;
Twas yeers ago, she tole us, wen
Thay had a cullerd lad.

The lad he ust to milk this cow,
Heed go out with his pale,
An as she switcht, he'd wunder how
To stop a switchin tale.

He studied wunst, he studied twice,
An thawt his plan wood soot;
He opened out her tale right nice,
An tide it to his boot.

That cow she tride an tride to switch,
She coodent switch a bit.
That boy he lafft an lafft at witch,
Till he neer got a fit.

But sumthin stung that brindel cow,
She gave an awful bellow.
He hadent time to holler "Ow,"
He turned pale green an yellow.

That cow she started in to run,
He started in to hop;
She went off like a Dewey gun,
An him—he coodent stop.

He hollerd “Murder,” loud an deep,
Then sed a little prare,
“Oh, now I lay me down to sleep,”
As he went throo the air.

An still he hopt an on she run,
He held her spinel collum;
His leg an breth was well nigh dun,
An things was lookin sollem.

But wen Pap herd the awful sounds,
Cum rollin throo the air,
He started with tremenjus bounds,
An hedded off the pare.

Thay both was puffin like a trane,
Thats stald down at the Gap,
He sed he’d never tie again,
A cowstale to his strap.

An thus the evening quickly sped,
We got the appels dun,
An purty sune the young folks sed,
“Weel have a little fun.”

Thay got to throwin peelins then,
That nabor girl at me;
An as the clock was strikin ten,
We one an all agree

To sing before thay go away,
We round the organ stan,
Our nabor girl, she starts to play
An we to sing began.

An just before she started home,
She sang, "Love's Old Sweet Song,"
The toon is good an soze the pome,
She sings both sweet an strong.

"Tho' the heart be weary,
Sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight,
Comes Love's Old Song,
Comes Love's Old Sweet Song."

We say good nite, an put to rites,
The things in house an shed,
We say our prares, blow out the lites,
An sune are safe in bed.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WITCH WE GIT IT BILED AN PUT UP.

It seemed as if I hadnt slep,
A duzzen winks er more,
Till in the hall I herd a step,
A pownd upon my door.

An Pap exclaimed, "Its haff pas three
Git reddy rite away,
Er else you may fergit that we,
That butter bile to-day."

I had been dreemin of a war,
His steps was musketry,
His pownd upon my bedroom door,
A cannon was to me.

But wen I herd that same ole voice,
That tawkt so wen it fell,
I felt my inward hart rejoice,
That I was safe and well.

But then my boddy wont obay,
The order fur to slide,
Oh, fur a nuther little lay,
Upon the uther side.

But out I git, its purty cold,
An hurry all my mite,
Er Pap he will begin to scold,
Witch woodent start off rite.

The mune was shinin cleer an brite,
The dimund stars in bloo
Gave out a sparklin, twinklin lite
Upon the frozen doo.

One kittel I with cider fild,
An with sum wood an blowin,
A fire underneeth I bild,
An start the thing a goin.

Then after mornin prares was dun,
An breckfest it was eet,
Pap sed, "Ile fill the next, my son,
An let you start the heet."

An thay begin to steem an boil,
With now an then a rise,
The smoke in little ringlets coil,
An gits into me eyes.

We biled em both bout haff way down,
In one the snitz, put in,
An thare thay floated rown an rown,
Like bubbels in a tin.

An then that compownd we did stur,
An thay masht up toogether,
An got the culler of sum fur,
Er mebbe russet lether.

Then rown an rown, that way an this,
An here an thare an yunder,
Will places burn, I chants to miss?
I meditative wunder.

[Them as wants to no wat bilin appelbutter is like can say
that verse over a milyun times wile standin befor a hot stove
an movin back and forred an pushin thare hands in an out
till thay git the rummytism under both thare sholder blades
an feel as if the small of thare back was goin to give way an
leeve the upper part of thare boddy drop to the ground.]

So rown an rown, that way an this,
An here an thare an yunder,
Will places burn a chants to miss?
I meditative wunder.

Wen it got biled down purty thick,
We dipt hot cider in.
It was the culler of a brick,
An got quite middlin thin.

[I kep on a sturrin wile Pap an Mother was at dinner. I was movin along as ushule wen I happened to look over at the uther kittel an saw it had a big fire under it an was bilin like everything.]

An then thare cums sum fome on top,
Witch rises higher, higher,
Until befor that fome will stop,
It neer puts out the fire.

[I yeld for Pap and Mother both, an thay both cum a runnin. Mother yells, git cold watter, and Pap yells stur it down, an Mother yells dont, dont er it will burn, an Mother runs fur the watter.]

So rown an rown that way an this,
An here an thare an yunder,
Will places burn I chants to miss?
I meditative wunder.

An wen it gits as black as tar,
An thick as smearcase too,
We dip it into crock an jar,
An uther things a few.

Wen we git throo, the evening sun
Is sinkin in the west.
An wen we finelly git dun,
I sets me down to rest.

An after supper has been et,
An dishes cleared away,
Arown the evenin lamp we set,
Witch all our toils repay.

For we are happy as can be,
We are each others treshures,
An each will do the things thay see,
Will give the uthers pleshures.

Sumtimes things go a little rong,
I think its always so,
The rode of life is purty long,
An foks is foks we no.

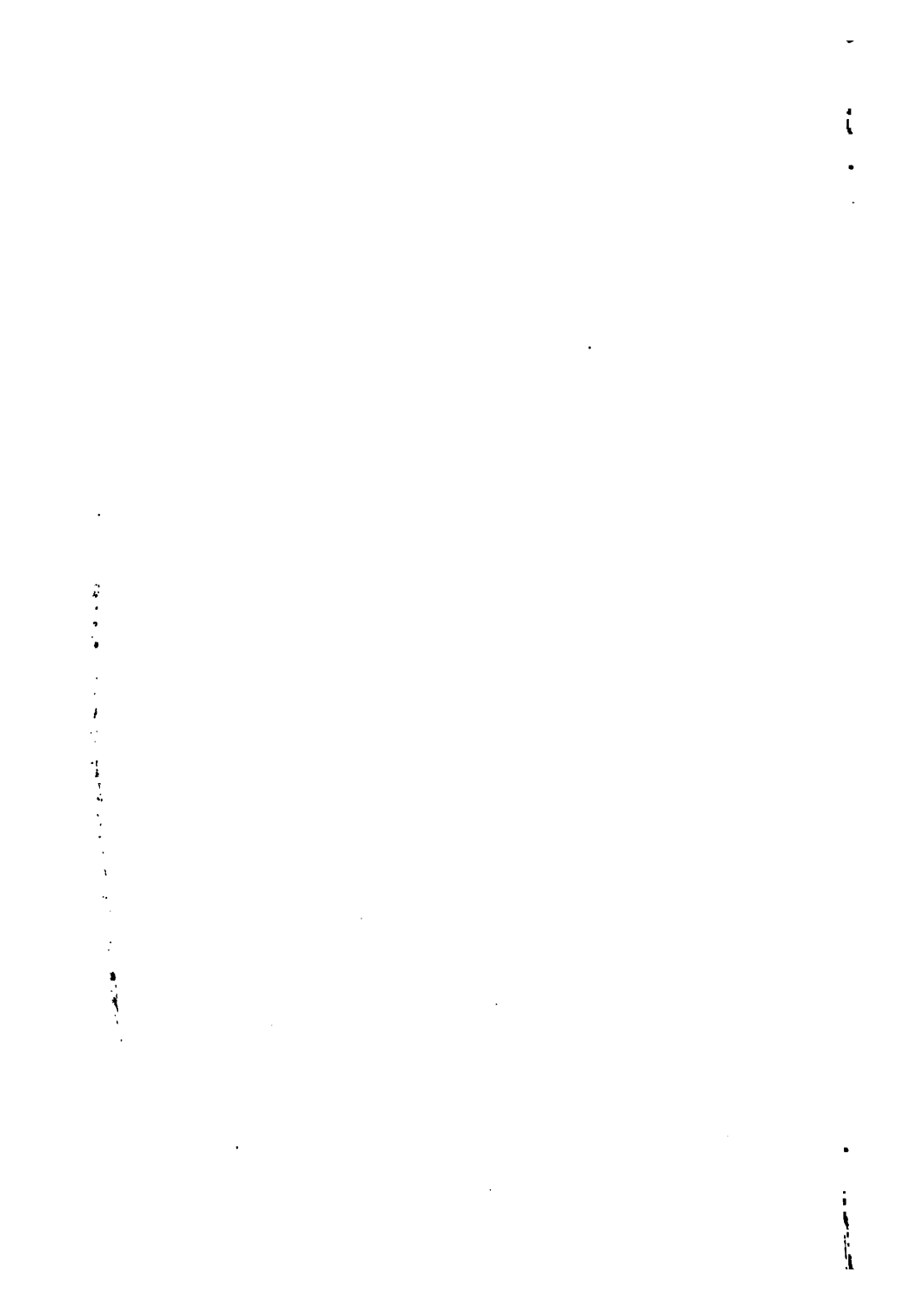
Wile I am ritin this here peece,
Thay all keep purty mum,
Fur wen I rite all tawkins seece,
Fur feer thale hinder sum.

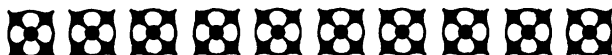
An Sis she over lessens looks,
An Pap he reeds the news,
Er mebbe leefs throo farmin' books
Er mebbe takes a snooze.

An Mother darns er mebbe sows,
An skatters joy about her,
By little smiles,—nun of us noze,
Wat we wood do without her.

Pap says, "That butters so well dun,
Thares no feer of it spilin."
Weeve had our work an had our fun,—
This ends the butter bilin.







NOTES.

1. Poem and picture used by permission of *Saturday Evening Post*.
2. By permission of *Saturday Evening Post*.
3. The old covered wooden bridge, two miles west of Strasburg, has been replaced by an iron bridge.
4. In Strasburg.
5. Brass Band of Strasburg, Lancaster county, Pa.
6. Prize Lyric read on Authors' Night of the Browning Society, March 17, 1904. Reprinted by permission of *Lippincott's Magazine*.
7. Two miles north of Strasburg.
8. Written in Harnish's Woods, a mile and a half south of Strasburg.
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11. By permission of *Lippincott's Magazine*.
12. By permission of the *School Journal*.
13. Near a wild-cherry tree, a hundred years old, south of Strasburg.

14. By permission of *The Westminster*.
15. By permission of the *Christian Endeavor World*.
16. Suggested by "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife."
17. By permission of the *Providence Journal*, R. I. Captain Waterman belonged to a regiment from Rhode Island. A monument has been placed beside the grave since the poem was published.
18. Coming from Southampton to New York on the St. Louis.
19. Read at a banquet of the Philadelphia Branch Alumni Association, Nov. 14, 1909.
20. Millersville State Normal School is a co-educational Institution. "Snapping" is a localism meaning a stolen conversation with one of the opposite sex, beyond the watchful eyes of the teachers.
21. New students always had trouble with their table manners. Each insisted upon helping all others before helping himself with the result as stated.
22. Written for *The Home* while snowed up in Strasburg, Feb. 13, 14, 1899, under the assumed name of Grub S. Arts, a farmer boy.
23. Written for *The Home* and published under the name of Grub S. Arts.
24. By permission of *Carpentry and Building*, N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTE: Many of the poems, not accredited above, were originally published in the *Evening Bulletin*, and *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, in *The Home* and *Weekly News* of Strasburg, Pa., in the *Doylestown Intelligencer*, *Frankford Herald*, *New Era* and *Examiner* of Lancaster, and *New Holland Clarion*. A number appear in print for the first time.



